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What Is Hispano-America to Us?

BY WALDO FRANK

The invasion of the countries to the south by American business has both great value and distinct menace. It knits the countries together mechanically but places in control of them people who would in the U. S. be classed as racketeers and low-grade politicians. Mr. Frank, brilliant interpreter of Spanish and Hispano-American culture, points to signs of coming-of-age below the Rio Grande.

THE problem of relations between ourselves and the peoples to our south is infinitely complex. These peoples themselves are so varied that it is difficult to speak of them together. They include real nations, for instance, like Argentina, which ranks among the truly modern countries of the world; states like Bolivia and Peru, which are as yet mere stratifications of geographic districts and ethnic groups bound externally together; and crowded agglomerations like Haiti, which for a number of reasons have not yet issued from chaos. It is hard to know how, in less space than a volume, one is to approach so vast and intricate a problem. But, fortunately, there is a principle behind the problem of relations which makes the task less unwieldy. That principle is the need of establishing a motive—a dynamic motive—whence good relations must ensue. We can ask ourselves the question: What basis is there, within our own needs, for good relations with America-Hispana? If we find the beginning of an answer, that will be much: for from such a basis, the *right* relations—because the *true* relations—must organically issue.

The basis of such relations must be the sense of kinship, the experience of mutual advantage. There is no "ought" between peoples; nor, for that matter, between persons. Only if peoples have such experience of each other that it is natural for them to exchange, to co-operate, to collaborate creatively, will they do so. And necessarily, this sole cogent motive for good relations must be the result of a deep mutual knowledge.

Such knowledge of the two great Hispanic groups to our south—the offspring of the colonies of Spain and Portuguese Brazil—does not exist in the United States to-day. Our relations have been dominantly those of business. And it is dangerous to assert that business motives through themselves lead to true understanding. Business is at best a unilateral process; the understanding narrows down to the single aim of buying

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and of selling. Business, moreover, between capitalist Powers and small debtor nations is, however disguisedly, exploitation. And exploitation gets along best with little understanding. To exploit your fellow man it is far safer not to see him clear *as a man:* it is far more efficacious to be aware chiefly of your own exploiting will, and of the other fellow only to the extent needed to trick or force him into following it.

Where business relations are the guide there is small understanding between peoples, although, of course, commercial communications may provide means whereby real understanding might grow. On the other hand, the liberal protest so rife in the United States against our exploiting and brutal and culturally destructive intercourse with our neighbors is also not, of itself, deeply understanding. The motive of such protests is chiefly humanitarian: its content is anger against certain powers at home and pity for the victims abroad. Pity and humanitarianism do not call for profound understanding. They inspire sentiments that are vague and impotent against the shrewd directiveness of economic forces.

Nor can much more be said for the excellent work of American scholars in the field of South American archæology, history, politics, and statistics, as a means toward understanding. These labors supply material that is indispensable for understanding. But the understanding itself must come from a living experience which such work is too abstract and too special to provide. Therefore, ere we can even begin, we must strive for some general picture of these people —an image of them that will make us *know* them, rather than merely know *about* them. Implicit in such a picture will be the basis of common interest and common need, which is the sole source for good relations.

II

We must see, first of all, their immense ethnic complexity. This means their cultural complexity and their cultural immaturity. The invasion of the Hispanic armies in the sixteenth century brought victory only in a political sense. Psychologically, culturally, economically, it meant a conflict between the highly evolved Hispanic genius and the natives. For the Indians who occupied the enormous lands from Mexico to northern Chile were neither primitives nor barbarians: they were the creators and the heirs of matured arts, of closely woven social and political systems. There set in, then, a conflict between two intense and alien cultures. Such a conflict is a long process; and from it, in the past, new cultures have been born. But for the entire period of the colonies, there was no issue—and hence no birth—to this cultural struggle, whose chief centres were Mexico and Peru. Spain destroyed the leaders of the Indians. The aboriginal masses, outwardly submissive in politics and in religion, withdrew within themselves and began to react upon the Spaniard. America itself began to transfigure the transplanted European. The process of absorption and of recreation was rendered still more complex by the arrival of the African. But this deep activity of cultural and biological reformation was interfered with by Spain herself. A new world must inevitably be born of this embrace of two old ones (for the Indian cultures were old, when Cortes and Pizarro overwhelmed them). But the Spanish crown and the Spanish church had other plans. The colonies were to be docile appendages of the world already shaped in Europe—the mediæval world. Spain did her best—and with the best intentions of her religious doctrine—to bar the stirring of

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independent life, from Mexico to La Plata. Commerce between the colonies was forbidden. Entry of books was rigidly censored. The colonials were not permitted even to write about themselves. For nearly three hundred years the inevitable psychological and cultural rebirth of a new people from this ferment of complex elements was wilfully retarded. The pot simmered, but it did not boil. And now, suddenly, from this state of embryonism the wars of emancipation thrust these chaotic, unformed peoples into the theoretical and alien maturity of republics.

III

We can learn much by comparing their revolution with our own. Our thirteen colonies were a fairly homogeneous people. They were, moreover, comparatively closely wedged along a seaboard, from Georgia to Massachusetts, whose mountains were mere hills, whose forests were scarcely Amazonian jungles, and whose towns and farms were interwoven by commercial routes of land and water. These colonies were the heirs of a parliamentary tradition old as Magna Carta. They carried that tradition forward. The English system, ideologically and politically and economically, grew into the North American system. Our emancipation was the result of a state of society, functioning completely.

We had, politically, matured ere we left Mother England; the eighteenth century was the period of our preparation. But the Hispano-Americans had to leave Spain ere they could begin to *prepare*. Our leaving was the fruit of a state of society; theirs was the fruit of a state of mind and of the inability of a society to be born at all. What we accomplished under the tutelage of England during the century before our independence, they had to begin during the century after they had broken free.

And not only was their problem delayed; it was enormously more complex than ours. Two cultures—stubborn, individualistic, full-fledged—warred in the individual breast of the average *mestizo*. Moreover, the Hispano-American peoples lived in little clusters scattered over nine million square miles of desert, jungle, mountain, pampa. These many clusters had been set up by Spain as equal to each other: they had no communication except with the mother country: Spain's purpose was to keep them close to her by keeping them apart from each other. When Spain left, only their mutual separateness remained. Native psychology and geography had helped Spain in this bar to colonial communion and to organic growth. Bostonian and Virginian could thrash out their differences in Philadelphia or New York. Where and how were Mexican Indian and Argentinian Creole to meet in order to thrash out theirs?

Yet the community of spirit and of will existed in these tragically separated peoples; it was embodied in titanic figures like Miranda, Bolívar, San Martín, Sucre. Bolívar planned a single Hispano-American nation, with two central legislative houses, a third body to constitute the "moral power," fashioned somewhat after the censors of Plato's Republic, and a President, chosen for life, who was to give stability to the vast federation, much as the Pope stabilizes the democracy of the Catholic Church. Bolívar's general plan was overthrown by the immature chaos of the country (and as well by the United States, which opposed his freeing Cuba and frowned on his conference in Panamá). In place of it, the continent broke up into the artificial form of federal republics, captained by generals whose armies replaced indeed the unrealizable ideal of popular control.

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The parliamentary republic rests on a number of conditions. There must be a certain homogeneity between the classes; there must be a basal mutuality in economics, in religion, and in culture; there must be the kind of geographic and intellectual accessibility between the parts of the people which makes communication possible between them. By means of this communication, through geographic compactness and through literacy, the ruling class *persuades* the other classes. This persuasion creates what is called public opinion. And this public opinion is wielded and manipulated by the ruling class in place of force.

Here are the set of conditions which in England gave birth to the parliamentary system. Here, with variations, are the conditions which enabled France, unified by ten centuries of monarchical dictation, to evolve her republic. Here, more or less, were the conditions which already held in the thirteen colonies that became the United States. But none—absolutely none—of these conditions prevailed from Mexico to Chile, when Bolívar and San Martín and Sucre at last threw Spain into the sea. Even in individual sections, such as Peru or Colombia, there was no accessibility between the seaboard and the high plateau. There was little harmony between the groups of peoples. There was no communication by written word. There was no preparation, through church or government, for the republican form. Public opinion did not exist; and the means for creating it had still to be forged from the continental chaos. There is but one alternative in government for public opinion: dictatorship and force. And these prevailed.

IV

In 1826 the Hispano-American colonies were free. And there began the period of political, economic, and national formation which with us was already well advanced in 1700. Spiritually, æsthetically, even socially they were more advanced than we; but the cultural greatness of Spain, opposed to the cultural maturity of the Indian in artificial dominion, merely increased the chaos. With the departure of Spain and the weakening of the mediæval church the conflicting cultural wills of these complex peoples could begin to meet. Usually, the first scene of their meeting was the battle-field. But they began to meet and they began to fuse.

Where they could meet most readily and where there existed a strong centre accessible to the outlying country the fusion proceeded with most despatch. This was the case in Argentina. The city of Buenos Aires was accessible to the Pampa, to the comparatively easy mountains of the north, and to the sea. The city could reach out, and the forces of the provinces could in turn invade the city. The conflicting wills of Argentina came to a solution. And the first stable nation of America-Hispana was the Argentine Republic. Yet this nation really only dates from 1860! Modern Brazil came to a beginning in 1889, when it overthrew its Portuguese potentate. The comparatively compact groups near the Atlantic, between São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro and Minas Geraes, were able to converge and spread their will westward and northward into the unformed jungles. But with such possible exceptions, it is safe to say that the birth of true national entities did not issue until the twentieth century. Before the tremendous forces of these countries could begin to resolve and organize they had to be released into the chaos of action. And the tumultuous hundred years which have ensued since nominal freedom mark the period of this gestation and of

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the gradual hardening of national forces.

The nation of Mexico, for instance, really dates from the revolution of 1910. Before that, Mexico and Yucatan were an agglomeration of clans, insulated by mountain, desert, language, ruled by a dictator who in no way expressed the cultural wills of the people. Mexico is still in travail of birth; twenty years, even without the hampering effect of the great northern neighbor, are but a brief hour for the integration of such titanic forces. But in Peru the process has been still slower. Peru has not yet had its revolution. The desert sea-coast and the Andean plateau present problems of communication even greater than those of Mexico: and the force of modern industry has not, as in Mexico, advanced so far in welding the land together. Yet even here the process of fusion dawns. Groups of intellectuals in the Andes cooperate with groups in Lima, in Piura, in Arequipa. Intellectual exchange grows with Bolivia and Ecuador and Argentina. It is only a question of seizing the right moment ere the Andean-Pacific peoples move, with Argentina and Uruguay, with Brazil, with Mexico, toward national integration.

V

The definitive sign of coming-of-age in Hispano-America is twofold: the masses, fused into some sort of dynamism, begin to grow articulate and to act; and the intelligentsia—the artists, writers, scholars, thinkers—begin, in their thought and work, to express the basic spirit and the creative will of the people. These signs have become strong in the past few years, not alone in Argentina, Mexico, Peru, but as well in Colombia, in Costa Rica, in Brazil, in Cuba, in Bolivia, and doubtless in other centres. If we study the nature of this new movement, particularly as it is organized in the life of the intellectual groups, we shall at once come close to the basis of kinship and of co-operation from which good relations between us and the other Americas must follow.

These groups, varied as they are, have certain outstanding traits. They are in immediate touch with their own peoples. Consider the revolutionary spirit of the great painters of modern Mexico. Consider the intimate concern of the writers of modern Argentina with the national types of that country. Consider the groups of economists, political theorists, folklorists, who join hands with the painters and the story-tellers of Peru. Consider the passionate devotion of the poets and æsthetes of Cuba to the crisis of cultural survival brought about by Cuba's transformation into a huge factory for sugar.

Moreover, all these groups are dedicated to the purpose of creating a new world. Although freed of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, these young men, clustered from Monterey to Bahia Blanca, have inherited intact the tradition, the spirit, the energy which, in far different form, created Christian Europe. They believe in man, not as an economic factor, but as the creator of his destiny; in man the lover and the singer, in man the son of the divinity within himself. They believe that the holiness of man must be expressed through the wholeness of his life—through the harmonious interplay of individual, social, æsthetic, and political forms. They have read modern science, yet have not lost the enthusiasm, the capacity to love, the will to learn, the will to lead, which are all fruits of this same wholeness—of this dynamic acceptance of one's place within a world which is to be transfigured through man's vision and man's sense of beauty. They hold, indeed, what our

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intelligentsia have momentarily lost, because we have lost this sense of wholeness, even this will toward wholeness. For we have embraced the superstitious dogmatisms of science with its benefits; and servilely submitted to a rationale (called Pragmatism) of enslavement to the external order of industrial expansion, whose superficial comforts drug us and unman us.

But in this tradition and this will these groups of intellectuals to our south are very close indeed to our own seventeenth-century Puritans, to our literary masters; to our Lincoln; although they have been freed, by the thought of modern Europe, from the traditional forms which fettered Jonathan Edwards and render archaic the message of Emerson and Thoreau.

The common purpose of these groups does not despoil the rich variety of their work. The intricate-flavored prose of Cuba can never be confused with that of Argentina, smooth and subtle as its Pampa. No one could mistake a painting by the Mexican Orozco for a work from the hand of Sabogal of Peru. Yet all these labors have a deep purposive harmony, much like that which underlay the mediæval arts of France and England. Like the intelligentsia, moreover, of mediæval Europe, these groups are joined together. Intellectuals from Mexico travel to Argentina. Periodicals, like *La Revista de Avance* in Habana, *El Reportorio Americano* in San José de Costa Rica, *Amauta* in Lima, and *Nosotros, La Nacion* and *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, become forums of Hispano-American discussion.

The universities, like the newspapers and magazines, begin to exchange leaders and teachers—even as did the universities of mediæval Europe. For the point is that these young men, from Habana, from Bogotá, from La Paz, from Córdoba, from La Plata, have a common religion—even as did the schoolmen and the monks who wove their word, a thousand years ago, from Ireland to Jassy creating Christian Europe: a modern religion—an American religion. They move in the ideal and will of establishing in the American hemisphere a world where man may at last be master and where he may create an order based on the needs of his own spirit, rather than on the blind forces of material production: a world that shall be new in more than name.

This new-world faith of our southern brothers has, of course, no excluding will against the country of Jonathan Edwards and Jefferson, of Thoreau and Emerson and Whitman. Hispano-America watches us and knows us well. It looks to us for signs that this spirit of our own great believers in a new world still perseveres, and that the America which is helping to knit Hispano-America physically together with roads and wires and airplanes is as well an ally in the task of cultural creation.

VI

Thus, in new form, Spain's classic will to create a world-order that shall express man's highest vision, lives in Spanish America, to-day. But these men, with their Spanish heritage of action, are not satisfied with talking about the new world: they wish to *create* it. They need to achieve leadership of action within their own countries in order to embody their vision and their values. That ultimate test of leadership is still beyond them. It is barred by two kinds of forces.

The first of these barriers to action is entirely their problem: it consists of the inherent difficulties of the countries themselves—the geographic separateness of sections, the cultural separateness of the Indians, the illiteracy and

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economic backwardness of the masses, etc. But the second of these impeding forces immediately concerns us. For it is the growing interference on the part of American money and, when necessary, of American Marines, in the internal affairs of these countries.

The European War made American capital the inevitable leader in the economic evolution of these countries. While England, Germany, and France still equally competed in the building of roads and in the exploitation of mines, South America was safe. Industrial rivalries annulled each other. Now one dominant economic will presses in from the north. That will has its function. It will carry on the task of knitting Hispano-America physically together. It will level the Andes with its airplane routes and shrink the limitless pampas with its railway systems. But if that circumscribed function of mutual economic service is permitted to master the destiny of the Hispano-American people it becomes a menace—not alone for them but for ourselves.

The disorder of so many of these nations, as we have seen, is a natural process of their potential strength, the process whereby the conflicting cultural wills of the people meet and have the opportunity to fuse. The dictatorship which has ruled so many of them has also been a natural process; and the problem of overcoming the native tyrant is often one of the steps whereby a people evolves and matures. But quite another menace is that of tyrants whose source of power is the product not of the people at all but of American finance. Such tyrants stifle the processes of natural selection; such tyrants choke the slow, dark birth of a nation. They introduce an alien element into the delicate biology of national formation. And when that alien element is backed by the force of a country vastly greater than the victims, it is an element that dominates, that destroys, and that the people themselves are powerless to cope with.

This is the situation already in the Hispano-American nations that touch the Caribbean Sea. Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Panamá, Venezuela, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, even Ecuador and Peru, are already in the hands of men suborned by American money, supported by American money—of men who are spiritually and politically alien to the countries over which they preside. Men of this order exist everywhere. In our own country we call them gunmen, bootleggers, racketeers, low-grade politicians. We should know that the governmental heirs of Washington and Lincoln are exalting men of this class to the rank of rulers in the countries to our south; and by means of indifferent force sustaining them in power against the will of their own people—under the pretext of stability and order.

VII

This situation is our responsibility. What it means is, simply, that American business has begun to control the continent to our south; *and it has been able to do this because of its unchallenged mastery within our own borders.*

The intelligentsia of Hispano-America have the same ideal which has consecrated whatever of value and beauty our own America has given. They too wish to establish a new world. But they are impotent against the dominance of those blind economic forces which American business represents. The action of these forces, through the direct tutelage of American government, is brutal, callous, corrupting, because it is ignorant. It is an action which, if left to itself, will destroy the intelligentsia of America-Hispana and reduce its peoples to the

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position of economic slaves—buyers and workers herded into artificial order, under the command of local politicians who are nothing but overseers for our own absentee landlords.

But in a manner merely more disguised, the intelligentsia of the United States are also fatally threatened by the same common foe. The differences between the state of our countries are therefore not absolute; they are indeed differences which complement each other, so that they point rather to kinship and to a common task than to separation.

Politically, and in all matters of external organization, the Hispano-American countries are for many complex reasons inferior to ourselves. And in these respects we can help them greatly by aiding them to develop and to mobilize their forces, to establish their communications; making thus more possible the *body* of Hispano-America which the spirit of these peoples calls for.

On the other hand, in respect of vision, of cultural values, of personal sensibility, of æsthetic expression, and of a common American ideal, these peoples, through their intellectuals, are more intact than we are. They have what we need: the clear consciousness of the universal menace, which is the uncontrolled dictatorship of economic forces, and the strong devotion to the American tradition of a true new world.

In this sense of a common battle and of a common destiny there rests the basis of what must be the relations between us. The intelligentsia of the United States, in a way more subtle but no less complete, are as exiled from control as the intelligentsia of Cuba or of Nicaragua. Our intellectuals also are not a ruling class. They must serve the order of business, or they must stay outside the gates in impotent protest. Business is a necessary function in the upbuilding of a world. But it has no equipment to rule. It is the body-building, the muscle-building factor in the social organism: it is not the brain, not the nervous system, not the spirit. And the despair, the pessimism, the futile and prostitute smartness of our intellectuals are due to the sense, certain but unadmitted, that they are degraded pawns in the processes of American life to-day.

The intelligentsia of the Americas should work together, should communicate, collaborate, mutually nourish and mutually plan, because they share the ideal, the destiny, and the threatening failure of the American continents. Such an attitude would be a real basis for relations; and would inevitably gather strength to bear upon the action of forces whose sole crime is ignorance and lack of control by the value-creating elements in American life.

Business will proceed to knit the Americas into one gigantic, complex body. It is the task of the intelligentsias of the Americas to provide what this body shall be—what kinds of men shall make it and control it. The ideals, values, creative vision of the Americas must instil this body with life. Business cannot do that. Nor can our ideals and values do it unless they become embodied in public action.

Unless the body have spirit, it will perish; and unless the spirit has body it remains unborn. Which is another way of saying that the men of values in the Americas must work together, shrewdly and closely, so that the blind energies of business (which work together indeed) may not make the body of America the body of a death.

"The World from the Air" by Waldo Frank, a remarkably fine article on his experience while flying in South America, will appear in an early number.

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"To-day, woman is tense and strung-up, alert, and bare-armed, not for love but for battle." For two thousand years she has fought for freedom—and now she has won it. But does she find peace and happiness in the victory? If so, why does she fight on? Stimulating, provocative ideas by D. H. Lawrence, whose death recently in France ended a career notable for its insight into and concern with the vital elements which make up our lives.

The Real Thing

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

Most revolutions are explosions: and most explosions blow up a great deal more than was intended. It is obvious, from later history, that the French didn't really want to blow up the whole monarchic and aristocratic system, in the 1790's. Yet they did it, and try as they might, they could never really put anything together again. The same with the Russians: they want to blow a gateway in a wall, and they blow the whole house down.

All fights for freedom, that succeed, go too far, and become in turn the infliction of a tyranny. Like Napoleon or a soviet. And like the freedom of women. Perhaps the greatest revolution of modern times is the emancipation of women: and perhaps the deepest fight for two thousand years and more has been the fight for women's independence, or freedom, call it what you will. The fight was deeply bitter: and, it seems to me, it is won. It is even going beyond, and becoming a tyranny of woman, of the individual woman in the house, and of the feminine ideas and ideals in the world. Say what we will, the world is swayed by feminine emotion to-day, and the triumph of the productive and domestic activities of man over all his previous military or adventurous or flaunting activities is a triumph of the woman in the home. The male is subservient to the female need, and outwardly, man is submissive to the demands of woman.

But inwardly, what has happened? It cannot be denied that there has been a fight. Woman has not won her freedom without fighting for it: and she still fights, fights hard, even when there is no longer any need. For man has fallen. It would be difficult to point to a man in the world to-day who is not subservient to the great woman-spirit that sways modern mankind. But still not peacefully. Still the sway of a struggle, the sway of conflict.

Woman in the mass has fought her fight politically. But woman the individual has fought her fight with individual man, with father, brother, and particularly with husband. All through the past, except for brief periods of revolt, woman has played a part of submission to man. Perhaps the inevitable nature of man and woman demands such submission. But it must be an instinctive, unconscious submission, made in unconscious faith. At certain periods this blind faith of woman in man seems to weaken, then break. It always happens at the end of some great phase, before another phase sets in. It always seems to start, in man, an overwhelming

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worship of woman, and a glorification of queens. It always seems to bring a brief spell of glory, and a long spell of misery after. Man yields in glorifying the woman, the glory dies, the fight goes on.

It is not necessarily a sex struggle. The sexes are not by nature pitted against one another in hostility. It only happens so, in certain periods: when man loses his unconscious faith in himself, and woman loses her faith in him, unconsciously and then consciously. It is not biological sex struggle. Not at all. Sex is the great uniter, the great unifier. Only in periods of the collapse of instinctive life-assurance in men does sex become a great weapon and divider.

Man loses his faith in himself, and woman begins to fight him. Cleopatra really fought Antony—that's why he killed himself. But he had first lost faith in himself, and leaned on love, which is a sure sign of weakness and failure. And when woman once begins to fight her man, she fights and fights, as if for freedom. But it is not even freedom she wants. Freedom is a man's word: its meaning, to a woman, is really rather trivial. She fights to escape from a man who doesn't really believe in himself; she fights and fights, and there is no freedom from the fight. Woman is truly less free to-day than ever she has been since time began: in the womanly sense of freedom. Which means, she has less peace, less of that lovely womanly peace that flows like a river, less of the lovely, flower-like repose of a happy woman, less of the nameless joy in life, purely unconscious, which is the very breath of a woman's being, than ever she has had since she and man first set eyes on one another. To-day, woman is always tense and strung-up, alert, and bare-armed, not for love but for battle. In her shred of a dress and her little helmet of a hat, her cropped hair and her stark bearing she is a sort of soldier, and look at her as one may, one can see nothing else. It is not her fault. It is her doom. It happens when man loses his primary faith in himself and in his very life.

Now through the ages thousands of ties have been formed between men and women. In the ages of discredit, these ties are felt as bonds, and must be fought loose. It is a great tearing and snapping of sympathies, and of unconscious sympathetic connections. It is a great rupture of unconscious tenderness and unconscious flow of strength between man and woman. Man and woman are not two separate and complete entities. In spite of all protestation, we must continue to assert it. Man and woman are not even two separate persons: not even two separate consciousnesses, or minds. In spite of vehement cries to the contrary, it is so. Man is connected with woman forever, in connections visible and invisible, in a complicated life-flow that can never be analyzed. It is not only man and wife: the woman facing me in the train, the girl I buy cigarettes from, all send forth to me a stream, a spray, a vapor of female life that enters my blood and my soul, and makes me me. And back again, I send the stream of male life which soothes and satisfies and builds up the woman. So it still is, very often, in public contacts. The more general stream of life-flow between men and women is not so much broken and reversed as the private flow. Hence we all tend more and more to live in public. In public men and women are still kind to one another, very often.

But in private, the fight goes on. It had started in our great-grandmothers: it was going strong in our grandmothers; and in our mothers it was the dominant factor in life. The women *thought*

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it was a fight for righteousness. They *thought* they were fighting the man to make him "better," and to make life "better" for the children. We know now this ethical excuse was only an excuse. We know now that our fathers were fought and beaten by our mothers, not because our mothers really knew what was "better," but because our fathers had lost their instinctive hold on the life-flow and the life-reality, therefore the female had to fight them at any cost, blind, and doomed.

We saw it going on as tiny children: the battle. We believed the moral excuse. But we lived to be men, and to be fought in turn. And now we know there is no excuse, moral or immoral. It is just phenomenal. And our mothers, who asserted such a belief in "goodness," were tired of that self-same goodness even before their death.

No, the fight was, and is, for itself. And it is pitiless—except in spasms and pauses. A woman does not fight a man for his love—though she may say so a thousand times over. She fights him because she knows, instinctively, he *cannot* love. He has lost his peculiar belief in himself, his instinctive faith in his own life-flow, and so he cannot love. He *cannot*. The more he protests, the more he asserts, the more he kneels, the more he worships, the less he loves. A woman who is worshipped, or even adored, knows perfectly well, in her instinctive depths, that she is not loved, that she is being swindled. She encourages the swindle, oh enormously, it flatters her vanity. But in the end comes Nemesis and the Furies, pursuing the unfortunate pair. Love between man and woman is neither worship nor adoration, but something much deeper, much less showy and gaudy, part of the very breath, and as ordinary, if we may say so, as breathing. Almost as necessary. In fact, love between man and woman is really just a kind of breathing.

No woman ever got a man's love by fighting for it: at least, by fighting *him*. No man ever loved a woman until she left off fighting him. And when will she leave off fighting him? When he has, apparently, submitted to her (for the submission is always, at least partly, false and a fraud)? No, then least of all. When a man has submitted to a woman, she usually fights him worse than ever, more ruthlessly. Why doesn't she leave him? Often she does. But what then? She merely takes up with another man in order to resume the fight. The need to fight with man is upon her, inexorable. Why can't she live alone? She can't. Sometimes she can join with other women, and keep up the fight in a group. Sometimes she *must* live alone, for no man will come forward to fight with her. Yet, sooner or later, the need for contact with a man comes over a woman again. It is imperative. If she is rich, she hires a dancing partner, a gigolo, and humiliates him to the last dregs. The fight is not ended. When the great Hector is dead, it is not enough. He must be trailed naked and defiled; tied by the heels to the tail of a contemptuous chariot.

When is the fight over? Ah when! Modern life seems to give no answer. Perhaps when a man finds his strength and his rooted belief in himself again. Perhaps when the man has died, and been painfully born again with a different breath, a different courage, and a different kind of care, or carelessness. But most men can't and daren't die in their old, fearful selves. They cling to their women in desperation, and come to hate them with cold and merciless hate, the hate of a child that is persistently ill-treated. Then when the hate dies, the man escapes into the final state of

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egoism, when he has no true feelings any more, and cannot be made to suffer.

That is where the young are now. The fight is more or less fizzling out, because both parties have become hollow. There is a perfect cynicism. The young men know that most of the "benevolence" and "motherly love" of their adoring mothers was simply egoism again, and an extension of self, and a love of having absolute power over another creature. Oh these women who secretly lust to have absolute power over their own children—for their own good! —do they think the children are deceived? Not for a moment! You can read in the eyes of the small modern child: "My mother is trying to bully me with every breath she draws, but though I am only six, I can really resist her." It is the fight, the fight. It has degenerated into the mere fight to impose the will over some other creature: mostly, now, mother over her children. She fails again, abjectly. But she goes on.

For the great fight with the man has come almost to an end. Why? Is it because man has found a new strength, has died the death in his old body and been born with a new strength and a new sureness? Alas, apparently not so at all. Man has dodged, side-tracked. Tortured and cynical and unbelieving, he has let all his feelings go out of him, and remains a shell of a man, very nice, very pleasant, in fact the best of modern men. Because nothing really moves him except one thing, a threat against his own safety. He is terrified of not feeling "safe." So he keeps his woman there, between him and the world of dangerous feelings and demands.

But he feels nothing. It is the great *counterfeit* liberation, this counterfeit of Nirvana and the peace that passeth all understanding. It is a sort of Nirvana, and a sort of peace: in sheer nullity. At first, the woman cannot realize it. She rages, she goes mad. Woman after woman you can see smashing herself against the figure of a man who has achieved the state of false peace, false strength, false power: the egoist. The egoist, he who has no more spontaneous feelings, and can be made to suffer humanly no more. He who derives all his life henceforth at second-hand, and is animated by self-will and some sort of secret ambition to *impose* himself, either on the world or on other individuals. See a man or a woman trying to impose herself, himself, and you have an egoist in natural action. But the true *pose* of the modern egoist is that of perfect suaveness and kindness and humility: oh, always delicately humble!

When a man achieves this triumph of egoism—and many men have achieved it to-day, practically all the successful ones, certainly all the charming ones, and all the "artistic" ones—then the woman concerned is apt to go really a little mad. She gets no more responses. The fight has suddenly given out. She throws herself against a man, and he is not there, only the sort of glassy image of him receives her shocks and feels nothing. She becomes wild, outrageous. The explanation of the impossible behavior of some women in their thirties lies here. Suddenly nothing comes back at them in the fight, and they go crazy, demented, as if they were on the brink of a fearful abyss. Which they are.

And then they either go to pieces; or else, with one of those sudden turns typical of women, they suddenly realize. And then, almost instantly, their whole behavior changes. It is over. The fight is finished. The man has side-tracked. He becomes, in a sense, negligible, though the basic animosity is only rarefied, made more subtle. And so you have the smart

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young woman in her twenties. She no longer fights her man—or men. She leaves him to his devices, and as far as possible invents her own. She may have a child to bully. But as a rule she pushes the child away as far as she can. No, she is now quite alone. If the man has no real feelings, she has none either. No matter how she feels about her husband, unless she is in a state of nervous rage she calls him angel of light, and winged messenger, and loveliest man, and my beautiful pet boy. She flips it all over him, like eau de cologne. And he takes it quite for granted, and suggests the next amusement. And their life is "one round of pleasure," to use the old banality, until the nerves collapse. Everything is counterfeit: counterfeit complexion, counterfeit jewels, counterfeit elegance, counterfeit charm, counterfeit endearment, counterfeit passion, counterfeit culture, counterfeit love of Blake, or of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," or Picasso, or the latest film-star. Counterfeit sorrows and counterfeit delights, counterfeit woes and moans, counterfeit ecstasies, and, under all, a hard, hard realization that we live by money, and money alone: and a terrible lurking fear of nervous collapse, collapse.

These are, of course, the extreme cases of the modern young. They are those who have got way beyond tragedy or real seriousness, that old-fashioned stuff. They are—they don't know where they are. And they don't care. But they are at the far end of the great fight between men and women.

Judging them as a result, the fight hardly seems to have been worth it. But we are looking on them still as fighters. Perhaps there is something else, positive, as a result.

In their own way, many of these young ones who have gone through everything and reached a stage of emptiness and disillusion unparalleled since the decadent Romans of Ravenna, in the fifth century, are now, in very fear and forlornness, beginning to put out feelers toward some other way of trust. They begin to realize that if they are not careful, they will have missed life altogether. Missed the bus! They, the smart young who are so swift at hopping on to a thing, to have missed life itself, not to have hopped on to it! Missed the bus! to use London slang. Let the great chance slip by, while they were fooling round! The young are just beginning uneasily to realize that this may be the case. They are just beginning uneasily to realize that all that "life" which they lead, rushing around and being so smart, perhaps isn't life after all, and they are missing the real thing.

When then? What *is* the real thing? Ah, there's the rub. There are millions of ways of living, and it's all life. But what is the real thing in life? What is it that makes you *feel* right, makes life really feel good?

It is the great question. And the answers are old answers. But every generation must frame the answer in its own way. What makes life good to me is the sense that, even if I am sick and ill, I am alive, alive to the depths of my soul, and in touch, somewhere in touch with the vivid life of the cosmos. Somehow my life draws strength from the depths of the universe, from the depths among the stars, from the great "world." Out of the great world comes my strength and my reassurance. One could say "God," but the word "God" is somehow tainted. But there *is* a flame or a Life Everlasting wreathing through the cosmos forever and giving us our renewal, once we can get in touch with it.

It is when men lose their contact with this eternal life-flame, and become mere-

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ly personal, things in themselves, instead of things kindled in the flame, that the fight between man and woman begins. It cannot be avoided; any more than nightfall or rain. The more conventional and correct a woman may be, the more outwardly devastating she is. Once she feels the loss of the greater control and the greater sustenance, she becomes emotionally destructive, she can no more help it than she can help being a woman, when the great connection is lost.

And then there is nothing for men to do but to turn back to life itself. Turn back to the life that flows invisibly in the cosmos, and will flow forever, sustaining and renewing all living things. It is not a question of sins or morality, of being good or being bad. It is a question of renewal, of being renewed, vivified, made new and vividly alive and aware, instead of being exhausted and stale, as men are to-day. How to be renewed, reborn, revivified? That is the question men must ask themselves, and women too.

And the answer will be difficult. Some trick with glands or secretions, or raw food, or drugs won't do it. Neither will some wonderful revelation or message. It is not a question of knowing something, but of doing something. It is a question of getting into contact again with the *living* centre of the cosmos. And how are we to do it?

The article which follows, written by a woman of to-day, shows a new trend in woman's battle, a trend which may lead to the rest and peace which Mr. Lawrence thought desirable.

Quiet

By Bernice Kenyon

Out of confusion, out of conflicting voices,
My song was woven. Forever in my head
The wild sounds were drawn together, and twisted
Into a moving music, a secret luminous thread
Which the mind followed, wanting a far ending—
Wanting a joy, like silence. Now the bright strength
Of the song is done; I am done with all confusion;
The thread is spun to its length.

Because all worldly voices are remote and quiet
Since my ears at last are attuned to your repose,
Because you are near, I am happy to be done with singing;
I can sit languidly, and contemplate the rose
Bending upon its stem in the red of evening,
Unmoved by the twilight waning, by dusk in the air.
And the turmoil of the world, far and beyond knowing,
It is not for me now. I am silent. I am unaware.

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The women of a new generation plead a new cause

Give Us Our Privileges

BY ELIZABETH ONATIVIA

In 1902, Mr. Dooley remarked: "Woman's Rights? What does a woman want iv rights whin she has priv'leges? Rights is the last thing we get in this wurruld. They're the next things to wrongs. They're wrongs turned inside out. All the r-rights I injye I don't injye. . . . I'd give all th' rights I read about for wan priv'lege."

There are at least ten million females in this country between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, who probably know Mr. Dooley only by hearsay, but are preparing to echo his statements. They are the women who are going to be the new feminine influence in this country, and feminine is the word. They are going to live their own lives, but with the new combination of Victorian charm and twentieth-century intelligence.

They know nothing, first-hand, of petticoats and whalebones, of spending rainy afternoons practising new ways of doing their hair, of breaking shop windows to signify their intention of getting the vote, of going with deputations to Albany or with units to France. They have heard rumors about these things, of course, in much the same way that the young people of the nineties, down South, heard about the abolition of slavery and inherited the tradition of hating the Yankees.

But not having had the actual experience of achieving emancipation, these young women take it all for granted, and are pretty well fed up on being men's equals and good fellows and steady wage-earners. They don't entirely understand why there is all the fuss about being feminine. Why on earth shouldn't they be feminine? There's no law against it. They sneakingly feel that it would be a strange and delightful experience to take an hour to dress, to spend the day in strictly feminine pursuits, possibly even sewing and gossiping together, to be waiting, sweetly attired, for their exhausted men-folk, instead of rushing home after a hard day at their own jobs.

This generation, with its grandmothers who were suffragists or antisuffragists, whose mothers are still demonstrating post-war and slightly mature versions of the flaming-youth codes, are wide-eyed and incredulous, or bored and slightly cynical about all the feminist fighting. They take their rights for granted and think the fuss rather silly.

It won't be at all surprising if these young ladies go about the business of restoring their privileges, as their immediate forebears fought and are still fighting for these rights. They will go about it with all the skill of economists and stylists. They won't put it in so many

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words. They will just go in for intelligent charm, from sheer self-protection. They will do it instinctively, not consciously. They know what men knew long ago, that women can't help crying, whether in congress or in the cafeteria; and that the only way to stop crying in public is to retire to private life, and get a good, rather than a bad, press out of it. They are extremely conscious of the successful, though perhaps unsportsmanlike competition of the females who make a cult of femininity. This ripening portion of our population may even restore home life on a winning basis.

Consider all that they have in their favor. They have nothing new to learn, at the moment. They take airplanes, radio, prohibition, psychoanalysis, college education, jobs, odd toilet preparations and no home life for granted. They know all about the mechanism of living. What they have not experienced, is the occult joy of actually making the kind of cake that comes from the bakery, or of being courted from the other side of the room, and of other simple pleasures which no longer exist. If they add these to their equipment, they cannot, with any logic, bring down upon their heads any censure, such as descended upon the previous lot of young people. At most, they might be accused of being lazy.

This change will not occur all at once. Because the possibility may be mentioned in a daily paper to-morrow, does not mean that it will come to pass the day after. If it did, there would be the most cataclysmic social and economic upheaval that ever shook the world. It will take a little time to accustom the men to the idea. Teaching them to assume the responsibilities toward womenfolk which they have long since abandoned will be no easy task. Inevitably, houses will be better kept, and more manners will be required. The men will have to learn that the lifted eyebrow is as strong a rebuke as "Go to hell."

People don't first reason causes out. They mostly have prolonged, incendiary hunches, which after a while get so insistent that their owners begin to collect data to back the hunches up. Then these proprietors found a new religion or express themselves in other ways. Some one else may have an entirely different hunch. That starts two schools of thought. In between are the die-hards, who never agree with anything, on the grounds of being fair-minded. That is about what happened with the style situation, last winter. Periodically, changes of thought are brought about in this way. There is no doubt that some such psychological process is going on at this time, and the indications are all in favor of an era of enlightened domesticity.

There are in every generation a number of women who fight for something, and who occasionally manage to sweep the rest of their sex along with them. But it seems improbable that the women under thirty will join their elders in fighting for the causes hitherto in vogue. It is far more probable that they will put on a campaign of passive resistance against fighting for anything but the right not to fight and the privilege of just being women.

The younger generation seems to feel that many of these laws which have been passed in favor of women are proving boomerangs or else plain washouts. They display no glow of enthusiasm about having the vote. And why should they? The suffrage fight commenced in 1848. State by State, the torch-bearers achieved their goal. Then, just after we went into the war, the men, out of gratitude to the women, so some say, allowed the amendment to reach consummation, to be adopted in 1920.

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This had nothing particularly to do with America. The advent of the World War naturally brought about an equalization of sex rights and privileges, and a world-wide amelioration of discrimination against women as people. Class conditions were equalized; the ladies really wanted to help, and in most cases succeeded in helping, during this crisis. With the result that they are now allowed to vote, and, for all the kicking and screaming by both sides, the election returns show no marked changes.

Think of the howl that went up in England, before the last General Election, because of the probably dire effect of the flapper vote, simply because the franchise had been extended to women over twenty-one. No one except a few die-hards has been heard to place the responsibility for the election of the Labor Government on these additional youthful shoulders.

The recurring question of jury service for women is another problem that simmers rather than boils. This recently came up again in the Massachusetts legislature. All the customary arguments were set forth in favor of giving women this new right, which obtains in twenty-two States, and when it was as usual suggested that the jury-box was unfit for women as they would have to listen to unsavory remarks, one Senator said: "Why, obscene remarks are being made everywhere; you get it in literature." However the general opinion seemed to be that it was hard enough to handle men jurors, without adding to the difficulties, and the suggestion was voted out. The newspaper report subtly indicated that the legislators had talked it over with the women-folk, and had, on the whole, been told to mind their own business and what did they want for dinner, to-morrow. Women have too long observed the coyness of men in regard to jury duty, to have any delusions of grandeur in its performance.

Another law that has been sincerely upheld by many able and earnest women is the minimum-wage law for their sex. For this social workers have fought and bled. Not only is its constitutionality in question, but, finding that they are required to employ women at fixed wages, and for a prescribed number of hours, personnel directors are forced to hire men for those positions which are not absolutely routine, in order to keep within the law and their schedules of wages. Or so they say.

The younger generation of theatrical women don't in the least appreciate the benefits of the Actors' Equity Association. They take it as a matter of course, and have even been heard to complain that they see no reason for paying their yearly dues. That is a perfectly reasonable example of all the gratitude that is shown for the rights wished on the younger and obtained by the older generation.

Home life comes into this new situation. There is something very puzzling about the home-life dilemma. Apparently, it is supposed to be a good thing. It should be restored. On the other hand, every possible inducement in the way of advertised products is being offered to eliminate it, and the older women are still urging upon others the joy of the independent economic existence. It isn't possible to have, in the best sense of the word, home life, and still be executive—unless, and here is the possible answer, one is executive in and with the home. It may be that the new lot of women will develop, along with their femininity, a taste and a talent for arranging a new kind of home life, which will be pleasant and not unproductive.

The women of fifty and over in this country are, as a whole, the kind who

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have always had a certain interest in public affairs, and who will continue to do so, irrespective of cults and movements; or the sort who never were particularly interested in national questions, and who are, and always have been, entirely concerned with their immediate affairs. These latter talk vaguely about dear Annie, who is teaching in China, or Cousin Sarah, who has gone with some international group to the Balkans, or the oldest son, Robert, who couldn't come to lunch because he was called unexpectedly to Panama. All that doesn't really mean anything to them, and very possibly they are right. The old ladies of 1960 may also be more concerned with their own affairs, but it is probable that they will have a wider range and a more definite conception of world matters than is possible to the generation who were pre-motor and pre-radio adults.

The greater number of women between thirty-five and fifty are having the hardest time, to-day, and are apt to be the most tempestuous. They suffered, speaking broadly, from suppression, in their youth. Many of them found release in war work. Among them are those who have seen the results of their early activities taking shape in this legislation in favor of women, which, as has been said, set in after 1917. They now find themselves strong and virile, with slightly sagging chins and thickening legs, and unsympathetic offspring. They are inclined to tell other people what to do, to go in for ready-made culture, to hark back to the war, and generally to live in the past. Their husbands, if they have them, are intent on business or other affairs, if alive at all. The spinsters of this age also find more consolation in thinking of the past than they do of gracing the present.

These women don't take modern appliances naturally. They have the tradition of coal-stoves, gas, horses, claret the temperature of the room. They embrace the new gadgets with reluctant delight, however. They form the bulk of what, broadly speaking, may be called the delicatessen wives, in one way or another. They form a large percentage of the women who do the buying in this country, on whom the national advertisers and the Tariff Committee keep a wary eye. As far as I know, no one has called it to their attention that they are wielding, by their purchasing capacity, a far greater influence than they did ten years ago, when they made speeches and canvassed the country about one thing and another. It's the same lot of women, serving in the dual capacity of housewives and emancipated females, and it seems most confusing that they should be addressed as separate entities.

This group, while large, will not again be a definite force. They have done good work, and they will get along as best they can, straddling, as they do, two eras. They unconsciously cling to previous traditions, while trying to cope with the rush of new conditions. If they are simple and natural, they are contented. If they are flexible-minded as well, they are helpful. Otherwise they are disturbed and uneasy and deserving of sympathy, like salesmen who can't stop selling, long after the contract has been concluded.

What matters most is this younger group of ten million or so women, who are not in the least uneasy about anything.

They have nothing to be uneasy about, except a feeling that men are unsatisfactory. And, one gathers, they intend to do something about it.

The oldest of this group were born in 1905, the youngest in 1915. They were in the nursery or in the schoolroom dur-

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ing the World War. Some of them remember it as their mothers faintly remember the Spanish War. Some of them dimly remember their first automobile ride, as their mothers remember riding bicycles. Hygiene was second nature, as much as it ever will be. The whole country had learned to brush its teeth. Clothes were practical, not fussy. Hair was allowed to follow the path of least resistance. Not for them the Victorian paddle in the deep blue sea. They learned the Australian crawl. If they want to go to college or learn a trade, no one has hysterics about it. Their immediate predecessors went through the period of being thought unruly, chiefly because their own parents were unsure about life, and clung to clichés which worked for no one. But this new group is far more self-contained.

Here they are, all fresh and educated and ready to be good wives and mothers. And bent on being feminine, first and foremost, with a strong bias toward being supported. They have heard a lot about women's work and women's working, and some of them have experienced both. They know all about woman's place in the world of finance and commerce and industry. They aren't especially sold on it, either in the abstract or in the concrete. They see their elders fighting time and tide to hold their places in a world which is, say what you will, largely run by men, and they think it's poor policy.

The younger women are going to fight for the privilege of being supported, coddled, courted and cherished. They consider feminism an artificial word.

It is going to be almost as long and hard a struggle, albeit a silent one, as the struggle for women's rights. Many men are accustomed to the existence of their wives' and daughters' pay envelopes. They are accustomed to meals at odd intervals; to the hat crammed on the head. They are not accustomed to assisting their female belongings into taxicabs, or exhibiting other bygone courtesies. By no means are they accustomed to what they are going to get—ladies who can do migraines if expedient, but only on purpose; who can be graceful and polite but who can and will swear freely on occasion; who can step in and run offices if necessary, but not if they can help it.

There is always talk of unemployment. There is always talk of machine labor replacing whatever it replaces. The chain of statistics is no stronger than its weakest link, the human element. Suppose—it may never happen—but suppose that all jobs were held by men? There was a day, once upon a time, when there were such things as men dry-goods clerks, who were respected and successful. That day may come again, when it will be considered quite as honorable for a man to work as a salesman in a department store, as to be supported by his wife while he hunts a manly job, which he may find a year come Michaelmas. The day may come when a man will once more be proud of supporting his female relations, and in turn boast of their apple pies. Women have been talked out of cooking, but cooking is an important factor in the quest for happiness. In our more primitive districts, women's ultimate worth is rated by the kind of meals they set out. They can get away with almost anything, if they feed their men. And nowadays, they listen to the radio while they are busied about their household tasks, and are able to instruct their men-folk at eventide, on such matters as the tariff, the temperature in Yucatan, the newest novel, and the oldest archæological exhumation.

That is the way the world ought to be. Standardized men and women are the products of science, not of nature. Wo-

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men nowadays don't have time to develop their individuality, nor men their masculinity. These younger women realize that. They know that there are a certain number of jobs in the world, a certain number of people to be supported, a certain economic status to be maintained. They have a good working consciousness of economics. They have also a definite and enlightened sex consciousness. They don't want to resort to legislation or blackmail to get the new freedom. They will simply inaugurate it, and presently their emancipated elders will be flocking to their homes for Sunday-morning waffle breakfasts.

This isn't all imagination. Query the young people you know. There is the newly married girl of twenty-one, who had a fine job. Her husband earns in the neighborhood of seventy-five dollars a week. She gave up the job. She said she was keen about it, but it was too much strain. She found she wasn't bored doing nothing. She loved it. She did the housework, read the paper, went to lunch with some one, went to a lecture, came home and cooked a gourmet's dinner and got all dressed up, mentally and physically, for the return of her tired provider—instead of hustling in two minutes ahead of him, trying to shed her business problems as she came. She said that if she ever did get bored, she would take steps about it, such as doing unpaid social work. She said that her lot didn't know much about housekeeping, another drawback about the offspring of the emancipated generation, but that it had occurred to her to learn—and by experience. After all, her mother's generation, fledged in the sheltered era, knew very little about domestic manual labor. One reason why the capable country girl makes good in the big city is because she has the trick of knowing how to use her hands and her feet, as well as her head.

Another type of girl, the kind who rooms with a girl friend, and earns twenty-five dollars a week, complained about her young man. She craved some one who would think that all she did was perfect, and who talked less about himself. (She had probably only been able to provide him with ham, rather than chicken, sandwiches.) She said that she was sick of him, that women had asked for this and now they'd got it, that it would take years to undo the good work, but that she for one was dedicated to the new movement back to the home.

It is hard to imagine a pleasant, leisurely, and yet progressive world, but if any one can bring it about, the ladies will now do so. Many unpleasant elements of to-day would be eliminated, if women resumed their congenital rôles. There would be no more frantic unpleasantness about the employment of married women. Men would think twice about companionate divorces. Meals would be regular and satisfying. Clothes would be personally mended. If there ought to be a cutting-down of waste in industry, why not a cutting-down of waste in the home? That would mean more money to be spent voluntarily, rather than by rote, but still for the good of the nation's income. It would simply mean that the manufacturers would comply with, rather than dictate, public demand.

That is what these young women are muttering to themselves. They regard the scene about them and find it idiotic. They have it in their power, and they have the inclination, to produce a brand new condition of civilization, combining the best features of femininity and feminism. Men, under these influences, will be greatly benefited and improved, not to mention relieved and soothed. The women will once again have their own way.

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Literature, Ethics, and the Knights of Good Sense

BY MARY M. COLUM

Those qualities that make for passionate or strong or profound living are as treasured as those that make for the excellent ordering of life, declares Mrs. Colum in an effective attack on the position of "philosophical criticism" held by Professor Babbitt and his band of New Humanists. She threatens their very base of supply—Aristotle's "Poetics," and charges that Aristotle's literary taste is comparable to that of the busy executive who reads detective stories.

PHILOSOPHERS are continually tampering with literature; they seldom are content to let it mind its own business, and they too rarely understand much about it. What is called a philosophic criticism—a criticism of literature from principles drawn from formal philosophy and ethics—as distinct from a literary criticism by writers with philosophic minds—is about one of the most calamitous things that could happen to a literature in the making, in the throes of being created as is American literature. Without his being further hampered by "philosophic criticism" the difficulties before any American writer are serious enough.

The great writers of the past were born into countries where literature was an integral part of the national life, something natural in which people naturally expressed themselves—a symbol of their civilization. It makes no difference that a pioneer writer like Gogol had no great native models to learn from—the life of Russia as of other European countries had expressed itself abundantly in folk-tales and folk-songs, in religious songs and love songs, in legends and myths: the foundations of literature were already made for him. When the creators of modern German literature began they also had an inexhaustible wealth of the folk-literature of their ancestors to draw from. But the American writer is not born into a country where literature is part of the national life, so he has not only to make literature, but he has to struggle to make literature important; he has even to struggle to get recognized those values in life which are the important values in art. For while learning has always been respected, particularly when it was connected with the duty of instructing in religion or morals, literature has not yet attained a position of any great respect in America; it is regarded, on the whole, as a sort of interloping and dubious influence on the orderly march of life.

It is doubtful if ever before in the history of literature great writers have been treated with such condescension by a man of intellect and learning as they are in the books of Professor Babbitt: Goethe, Baudelaire, Ibsen, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, are talked down to as if they were irresponsible small boys because their work, or part of their work does not fit into his conception of wisdom and moral responsibility. At the same time, the ideas promulgated by Professor Babbitt have to be gravely considered: first of all, he is the

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leader of a group which has put forward a system of æsthetics—the first, I think, formally to be put forward in American intellectual history; secondly, because the critical principles formulated in his work, though they have very little connection with literature, contain within themselves practically every sort of objection to literature that has been put forward by the theologian, the moralist, or the practical man. All his criticism, ethical, philosophical, literary, artistic (in "The New Laocoon" he attempts also to deal with music and painting) is based on an ethical foundation which he has taken over from Aristotle and combined with the Puritan tradition. The statement of it is expressed directly and simply in "Rousseau and Romanticism": It is that man has "a natural self of impulse and desire, and a human self that is known practically as a power of control over impulse and desire." Apart from the use of the words "natural" and "human" this statement is, even ethically, a narrow and limited one. When a system of this kind is applied to literature, when poetry in all its aspects is judged according as it exemplifies the rule of the "human self," we have that sort of judgment where the principles that produce the "good" man are confounded with the principles that produce good and disciplined art—a common form of Philistinism. In the formulation of his ideas Professor Babbitt takes over, as his predecessors have done, the principles summarized in Aristotle's "Poetics"—for, of course, the attempt to make literature conform to a system of ethics has been made before, but never so thoroughly. Literary history contains some unhappy tales of the fate of these Knights of Good Sense who had a fair following until they met in mortal combat some of the young warriors who were engaged in the dangerous business of making literature. However, Professor Babbitt, undeterred by their fate starts off on the crusade once more, armed with the same weapons—learning and classicism, decorum and ethics, reason and good sense, but with even a more defective sense of art than had Gottsched or Chapelain, for they had enough sense of art to produce passable imitations of works of art. It does not matter that some disciples of Professor Babbitt may remind us that he would call these predecessors of his "pseudo-classicists"; all classicism, in the very nature of the case, except Greek classicism, is either "neo" classicism or "pseudo" —whether one prefixes "neo" or "pseudo" is a matter of taste. Like them, Professor Babbitt's devotion to Aristotle's "Poetics" is such that he takes over its definitions and its critical vocabulary and makes his own of them.

II

Now there are few names in the history of the intellect so great and so intimidating as that of Aristotle: he is in the intellectual world a sort of folk-god, a *kultur* hero, and our inclination at the sound of his name is to raise our hats or bend our knees. He has left behind him in the "Ethics" one of the greatest books that has ever come from saint, or prophet, or philosopher; it is indeed one of the scriptures of mankind. But if among the lost works of Aristotle there had been the "Poetics" the whole world of literature and criticism would have been saved many useless battles and much spiritual and intellectual waste. If it had been lost for centuries, and, like his Constitution of Athens, been found again the other day on a papyrus in Egypt, it would have been merely described by literary critics as a curious work by a great philosopher whose comprehension of literature was

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a little weak and one-sided—who in fact, as far as literature was concerned, had a sort of blind spot in his mind.

As formal learning is not a necessity for most kinds of writers, or often very much of an aid, one is not surprised to find a great number of young writers and artists, and a vast part of the general reading public, who believe that Aristotle was a critic who invented the rules and regulations, the receipts and recipes according to which the great Greek poets and tragedians produced their work. But when Aristotle was born the great Greek spirit and the great Greek literature had one leg in the grave: he was born long after the death of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, the youngest of whom was dead for more than twenty years, the oldest for more than seventy years. They belonged to an age that was coming to an end even in the childhood of Aristotle's master, Plato; before Plato was the age of a young man now coming out of college they were all dead; Greece was entering on the age of philosophy, and perhaps was attaining that serenity and philosophic calm which Professor Babbitt tells us is the reward for an advance in ethical imagination. But the real creative days of its literature were over. The couple of belated great writers like Theocritus and Calimachus did not learn from Aristotle; in fact Aristotle taught the great Greeks nothing. But as he was a man who tried to master all learning—a not impossible feat in his time—he looked into literature as he looked into science and constitutions—he studied the great Greek literature and extracted from it a series of principles profoundly colored by his own intellect which was neither poetical nor literary. To these principles he added a few notions of his own, with some interesting definitions, and he invented a series of terms such as decorum, imitation, pity, terror, pathetical, ethical, probable impossibilities, which have hypnotized the learned world ever since. Except for what may be called the ethical passages to which the famous definition of character belongs, the "Poetics" is not a very illumined work. When he writes about Ethics he is consummate, but when he writes about Literature he is dealing from the outside with a subject for which his mind had no real affinity; in fact, judging from the "Poetics," he seems to have been a man whose interest in literature was like that of an intelligent but not very artistic statesman whose tastes inclined to good detective stories and melodrama—works which could be relied upon to distract his tired mind by making him "thrill with horror and melt with pity." The plot is the really important thing, he tells us; character—that which revealed moral purpose—comes next, though, to be sure, he is against the "extreme downfall of the villain, though it would doubtless satisfy the moral sense." The plot ought to be so constructed that "he who hears the tale will thrill with horror and melt with pity." The hero should be somebody renowned and prosperous. In fact, if they could be kept to a fair level of common sense and probable impossibilities, plays like "East Lynne" or "Peter Ibbetson" would very well satisfy the writer of the "Poetics," and these dramas always may be said to effect a catharsis on the audience who attend them. Into his definition of tragedy Aristotle puts one of those expressions which, like Matthew Arnold's "he saw life steadily and saw it whole" has had a hypnotizing fascination for his readers—it is the famous phrase about the catharsis, the purgation of the emotions through pity and fear in tragedy. This cathartic phrase has exercised over generations of

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readers the fascination of the utterance of a soothsayer combined with the attractiveness of a crossword puzzle. The number of people who have gone to see that Greek play which is most often performed in the modern world, "Œdipus Rex," with the idea that they were going to experience the catharsis must have included nearly the whole of any audience who have ever attended it. But what purgation can anybody experience from this great and powerful and shocking play of a violent and impulsive man and a sensual and cruel woman who exposed her child to death? Professor Babbitt repeats that old illusionary idea that the poetry of the ancients tends to elevate and console. Elevate, perhaps, as does all great literature whether ancient or modern, but I would like to know who has ever been consoled by the "Œdipus," by the "Medea," by "Hippolytus," by "Hercules Furens"? The consoling poets, if there are any, are the ones who are pleasantly of the world and have a mild emotional outfit like Horace and Pope.

I should like to propose the transfer of Aristotle's "Poetics" to the archives of pedagogy for a space of twenty years or until such time as criticism has recovered from the effects of all that procession of terms like decorum, imitation, catharsis which in their practice have served more as aids to intellectual gymnastics than to an understanding of literature.

III

When George Sand wrote to Flaubert after the death of Sainte-Beuve that she believed that criticism had now come to an end, Flaubert, a man of enormously penetrating perceptions, wrote in answer, "I think, on the contrary, that it is at most only at its dawning. They are on a different tack from before, but nothing more. At the time of La Harpe they were grammarians, at the time of Sainte-Beuve and Taine they were historians. When will they be artists?—really artists?" In these few words Flaubert stated an important if unrecognized truth: literary criticism is only at its dawning, though he was, of course, wrong in thinking that Taine and Sainte-Beuve were only historians—they were artists also. Since their day literary criticism has made no appreciable step forward; this latest of the literary modes is still in its infancy; it is a sort of step-child and hand-maiden of the other arts as were the romance and novel in their beginnings. Real literary critics will have to be artists, with an artist's response to life, an artist's comprehension of those values in life that are the bones and sinews of literature. In the last analysis their work belongs, not to ethics or philosophy, or science, but to literature, and has to pass through the same hall of judgment that all literature passes through.

When one talks about the values that are the bones and sinews of literature, it becomes necessary to make some statement as to what these values are. It is a common enough illusion that the standards by which literature is judged are intellectual and ethical standards, and that the chief equipment necessary, in addition to a certain intellectual power, is a learned knowledge of literature.

All the learning in the world would not enable a man to understand literature if he had not both a sense of art and a sense of life. For without a sense of art he would never understand how a work of literature came to be, and without a sense of life he would only partly understand what it was about. One might have all the learning in the world with the highest ethical and intellectual standards and still be in such a condition that nearly all literature would be a closed

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door to one. Indeed, if our literary judgments were based on purely ethical and intellectual standards, it would, for example, be all wrong that a few poems which Catullus wrote out of an intoxication caused by too much drinking of wine or too much kissing of Lesbia should be so treasured by mankind that, after the passing of centuries, "a world grown old thumbs the leaves"* of his book, while the weighty efforts of Professor Babbitt, Professor Norman Foerster, and the rest of us, written, maybe, out of the highest ethical imagination, sobriety, and decorum, will, more than likely, "end up as wrappings for mackerel."*

On what sort of values in life, then, does the evaluation of literature depend? It is obvious that some formulation of them is necessary before one can put forward any practical æsthetic, and if my own attempt draws a better formulation from some one else, that will be so much to the good. Life in its working is governed by two codes of spiritual values. (There is a third value concerned with getting on in the world, but that we need not consider here.) The first code, the ethical one, has been so well organized, so well sifted and formulated by a succession of philosophers and theologians that in the mind of every balanced and intelligent man it stands out like a clear chart. The second set of values, though just as natural as the first and frequently more compelling in the management and direction of life, has never been really assessed, perhaps for the simple reason that, unlike the ethical values, they have no fixed boundaries, no determinate outlines. While the ethical values are those by which we govern our lives and discipline our conduct, the second code represents the values by which we appreciate the width and profundity, the richness and intensity of life and human relations. It is a simple fact that every intelligent and richly endowed human being not only wants to live ethically, but wants to live profoundly and intensely. That this great desire of man leads him frequently into tragic situations of such a kind that the orderly conduct of life is interfered with is a commonplace. . . . It is, perhaps, the tragedy of life that these two sets of values are so frequently in conflict, that no philosopher and no religious teacher has ever yet been able to make them one, but nevertheless, all human beings with intellect, imagination, and emotion—that is to say, all highly endowed human beings—stand not only by the ethical values, but they stand also by all that makes life more of an experience, which broadens and enriches it.

A profound sense of the second code of values is at the back of the intellectual, emotional, and imaginative equipment of every artist and is what enables him to get into such communication with life that he can produce a work of art. It is a lack of sense of reality, a complete illusion with the Humanists, that by attacking what they call "Romantic" literature, or "Romantic" morality, they are achieving any human values whatever. They are merely assaulting one of the great codes by which man lives, the set of values, to repeat what has gone before, that form the bones and sinews of literature. All literature, including Greek literature, deals with this set of values, or with this set of values in conflict with the first. The inhuman position that the American Humanists reach through the application of their principles to literature can best be illustrated by a few examples from Professor Babbitt's criticism,* for he is the acknowledged lead-

*Catullus, XCV.

*All the quotations are from Babbitt's "Rousseau and Romanticism."

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er of the movement. Though not always consistent and very often self-contradictory, his strong instinctive mind is on its main lines logical. Therefore, we are not surprised to find him in the pursuit of his support of the "human" self coming to the remarkable conclusion that "it is surely better to escape from the boredom of life after the fashion of Edison than after the fashion of Baudelaire," because he thinks that Edison is seeking happiness "by work according to the natural law, and Baudelaire by some form of emotional intoxication." This sort of comparison is only possible for a mind incapable of judging literature from the inside, and whose canon of criticism is drawn from morality and utilitarianism. In the same spirit is his rather heavy-handed satire in the name of "moral responsibility" at the expense of both Coleridge and Baudelaire. "The poet feels so exquisitely that he is at once odious and unintelligible to the ordinary human pachyderm. Inasmuch as the philistine is not too sensitive to act he has a great advantage over the poet in the real world and often succeeds in driving him from it and indeed from life itself.This inferiority in action is a proof of the poet's ideality. 'His gigantic wings,' as Baudelaire says, 'keep him from walking.' He has, in Coleridgian phrase, fed on 'honey dew and drunk the milk of paradise,' and so can scarcely be expected to submit to a diet of plain prose. It is hardly necessary to say that great poets of the past have not been at war with their public in this way." There is not in this passage any suggestion that the marvellous imagery to which Coleridge and Baudelaire lift their poems in the concluding lines from which Professor Babbitt quotes is one of the most triumphant achievements in literature. What is false in the ideas that the poets quoted have expressed? What is wrong with the last stanza of Baudelaire's "L'albatros"? Is it not true that great men of every kind are frequently at war with the public and their families —even Professor Babbitt's ethical philosophers? His Confucius was banished by his public, Socrates sent to death by his, and Aristotle escaped Socrates's fate by prudently exiling himself.

IV

It is, perhaps, only a step from this sort of criticism of Baudelaire and Coleridge to criticism built on complete misapprehension of meaning. "As a method of salvation this [*i. e.*, a few lines of Browning's] is even easier and more æsthetic than that of the Ancient Mariner who, it will be remembered, is relieved of the burden of his transgression by admiring the colour of water-snakes." It is plain that he misunderstands the whole poem. For what relieved the Ancient Mariner was not that he admired the color of water-snakes, but that

> A spring of love gushed from my heart,
> And I blessed them unaware:
> Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
> And I blessed them unaware!
>
> The self-same moment I could pray,
> And from my neck so free
> The Albatross fell off, and sank
> Like lead into the sea.

That is, he was relieved from the burden of his transgressions because "a spring of love gushed from my heart," an idea which the concluding stanzas of the poem repeats. And then Professor Babbitt calls a beautiful passage in Shelley's "Epipsychidion" an account of "nympholeptic experience," and tells us that this poem "might be used as a manual to illustrate the difference between mere Arcadian dreaming and a true Platonism." Which may be true enough, but he forgets that it was Shelley's business to write what poetry he could and not

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to expound Plato, even if Platonism is ethically superior to Arcadian dreaming. William Blake, as might be expected, fares worse. Of Blake's enchanting poem

> A Robin redbreast in a cage
> Puts all Heaven in a rage.
> . . . . . .
> He who shall hurt the little wren
> Shall never be belov'd by men.
> He who the ox to wrath has mov'd
> Shall never be by woman lov'd.
> . . . . . .
> Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
> For the Last Judgment draweth nigh

he writes, "he pushes his exaltation of sympathy to the verge of the grotesque." It is merely a bleak illusion that such gnomic wisdom as this of Blake's can be made appear as something inferior by calling it hard names in the name of decorum and morality. Is not this a higher wisdom than what we find in Aristotle's "Ethics" on the same subject? "There can be no friendship nor justice toward inanimate things; indeed not even toward a horse, or an ox, nor yet toward a slave as slave . . . a slave is a living tool, just as a tool is an inanimate slave." It is an equally bleak illusion that the poetry of mood like Shelley's "My soul is an enchanted boat," or "The Ode to the West Wind," or Byron's "O that the desert were my dwelling place," should lose anything of their value by the application of an ethical standard, or a standard made up of notions concerning the drawbacks of "spiritual idling." There is no test in literature so good as the test of time, and a man who has written an immortal poem has spent his time well, whether the poem has come out of spiritual idleness or ethical purpose. Moods and yearnings may not be material for ethical or philosophical conclusions, but they are real material for poetry, and were even with the classical Greeks, as one can discover in the chorus on old age in Euripides's "Hercules Furens." "I love youth, but old age, a burden heavier than the rocks of Ætna, weighs on my head and stretches a veil of darkness before my eyes. I would not take the treasures of the Kings of Asia nor a palace full of gold in exchange for youth, which, beautiful in the midst of opulence, remains beautiful in poverty. . . . If the prudence and the wisdom of the gods were equal to that of men, good people as a guerdon of their virtue would receive a double youth, and after death would begin a new life in the shining light of the sun. As for the wicked, they would have only one life. . . . But we have received from the gods no certain sign which would enable us to distinguish the good from the evil." The truth is that the Greeks had the same "Romantic" yearnings, the same "Romantic" uncertainties and puzzlements as ourselves, only that we have naturally extended the bounds of literary expression.

We are not only the heirs of Greek literature and spiritual history; we are the heirs of all the literature and history that has happened since, and when Mr. Norman Foerster tells us in his "American Criticism" that the philosophy of American Humanism includes an æsthetic which is fundamentally that of Greek Classicism, then we have only to say that American Humanism is expounding a form of æsthetic which is of little practical use in modern criticism, as no literature since the death of Sophocles or the birth of Aristotle could conform to any such æsthetic. Furthermore, his "modern statement" of classicism shows an insufficient understanding, not only of Greek classical literature, but of classical literature of any kind. In his distinction between Classical and Romantic writers he says: "If he is a ro-

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mantic, he will emphasize sense impressions and natural feeling and subordinate reason and ethical imagination. . . . If he is a classicist, he will emphasize reason and ethical imagination and subordinate the senses and feelings. This would seem equivalent to saying that *classicism emphasizes the more important realms of experience and subordinates the less important.*" The italics are mine. If Mr. Foerster thinks that in Sophocles, Dante, or Racine, emotion or the feelings belong to "the less important realms of experience," or that it is subordinated in any way, he is suffering from a strange delusion; he has misread Sophocles, misunderstood Dante, and never listened to a Racine play. In "Œdipus Rex," in "The Inferno," in "Phèdre," the feeling is so intense, so profound, that it actually seems to inform the work more than it does that of many of the great Romantics. Intellect, certainly, holds the reins with the Classicists, but emotion is in no sense subordinate. As a matter of simple truth, great emotional power both in life and in literature is far rarer than great intellectual power, and far less comprehensible to the ordinary man. When both these powers occur together in the highest degree in one mind, as they have done in half a dozen great classical writers and half a dozen great romantic writers, there is no risk of the world's ever forgetting the happening. When Mr. Foerster derides expressions in literary criticism like "life," "vitality," "intensity," he is deriding the terms that are most adequate to describe what a real devotee of classicism, Charles Maurras, calls "the immortal vivacity of the passion and verve of the Greeks," and which are equally the right terms to apply to the immortal vivacity of Shakespeare, the immortal passion of Catullus, and the immortal verve of Byron. The thing one has to struggle against in so many of these savants who have attached to themselves the name of Humanists is not so much a difference of opinion about literary canons as an insensibility to the qualities of mind and emotion that make up great literature or art in any form.

V

There is also in literary history the suspicious circumstance that ostentatious pronouncements of devotion to the Classical idea too frequently camouflaged a partial insensibility to literature. In any case, in our own time, if there were no other reasons for the transfer of the terms "Classical" and "Romantic" to the archives of pedagogy, there is the very important reason that they have almost completely lost their purely literary meaning, and are being used as terms in philosophy and ethics where, roughly speaking, the Romantic is the bad and undisciplined man and the Classicist the good and disciplined man. In the vocabulary of Professor Babbitt, "Romanticist" has the same meaning as "Bolshevist" in the vocabulary of a simple-minded Tory member of the British House of Commons. But among the numerous meanings in which the terms have been used by critics was one in which they dimly stood for something that represented either the approach of an artist to his work or the make-up of his mind; in this sense, too, their application was far too vague though they did suggest the undoubted fact that there are two important divisions into which the mental processes of great writers can be divided—perhaps into which the mental processes of most people can be divided: there are those in whom emotion precedes thought and those in whom thought precedes emotion; in either case the writer is great in proportion to the greatness of the thought and emotion, and not according to

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which happens to come first. It does indeed make a difference in the psychology of the emotion whether, for example, a man falls in love first and then evolves his ideas of love from the experience, or whether he first evolves the ideas from his intellect and then his emotion follows his idea. One has, say, certain intellectual conceptions of love or death, and when one experiences love or encounters death, the qualities that the intellect has previously attached to these experiences decide the nature of the experiences. But if one experiences the emotion first, then the thought takes its color from the nature of the emotion. If the intellectual conception is high and magnanimous, then the emotion is high and magnanimous; when the emotion is trivial, or merely sentimental, the thought is correspondingly trivial and sentimental. But whichever claims precedence a strong combination of both and an intimate relation between them is found in all great writers. Emotion precedes thought in Rousseau and thought precedes emotion in Racine, but Racine, nevertheless, felt more profoundly than Rousseau. In Keats, emotion, it is obvious, generally preceded thought, while in Pope thought preceded emotion. Yet Pope thinks less profoundly than Keats. In the making of a writer the deciding factor is the greatness of the emotion and the greatness of the intellect and not the order of precedence. The order of precedence, no doubt, decides his sympathetic quality for certain minds, but fundamentally it has nothing to do with the greatness of the writer. A critic may have more natural sympathy with a writer like Dante, whose intellectual processes preceded his emotional, or with one like Shakespeare, where the emotional processes preceded the intellectual, but a critic who, for that reason, would follow his sympathies in deciding the importance of a writer would not be a genuine critic at all.

It is hard to say of a man's whole work that in it emotion always preceded thought or thought preceded emotion. For example, in Goethe's early work, emotion preceded thought, while in some of his later work, thought preceded emotion. And so we have Goethe catalogued as a Romantic in his early work and a Classicist in his later work. For, roughly speaking, the thought-emotion writers are the ones described as Classical, and the emotion-thought writers as Romantic. The notion, however, that emotion is an inferior quality in which the great Classicists have no truck is, let me repeat once more, a complete illusion.

It is an illusion that arises partly from a too simple-minded acceptance of the old, elementary division of man into two selves—the self of impulse and desire and the self that has control over impulse and desire. This is merely the oldest sort of theological statement which has been made over and over again with some little change of vocabulary in all the churches and in all the Christian catechisms. The American Humanists repeat it as if it were an earth-shaking discovery that had to be called by a high-sounding philosophical term like Dualism. Has the Humanist philosophy offered us anything new at all, or are they merely old-fashioned theologians? Most seriously do we ask the question, for we cannot help fearing that while they have been suffering *idées fixes* about Rousseau and Naturalism and Dualism, modern psychology has been making a vast number of their notions antediluvian. Day in, day out, the Humanists have put forward in a weakly and anæmic way the old notion of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man—the Garden of Eden in their mythology

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is the days of Greek Classicism, while with Romanticism came the Fall.

VI

Whether we like it or not we have advanced into a larger world, where the man who is merely dualistic, who is merely made up of a self of impulse and desire and a self of control, is in a very elementary and instinctive condition. For, as a matter of fact, the self of control is just as instinctive as the self of desire and impulse: they are both closely related to the most elementary desire for self-preservation. But the really important self is another self—the self evolved in that highly developed type of human being who knows how to evaluate both the self of impulse and the self of control, the man who can recognize and appreciate the high value of desires and of impulses, the high value of emotions and of control, the high value of reason and of intellect—the splendor and worthiness of them all.

But on the other hand, if the Humanists and Professor Babbitt do stand for discipline—and one may be permitted very seriously to doubt it after a consideration of the forlorn shapelessness, the lack of discipline, in their literary work and in the expression of their ideas—but if they do indeed stand for discipline, then they are marching with the most modern advance-guard, for the world shows signs that its superior spirits are in the coming age going to worship discipline as in the past they worshipped liberty: there are many periods and many different kinds of virtues in the development of man—there is a period when discipline represents the highest virtue and a period when liberty represents the highest virtue. All artists, by their very nature, are both adherents of liberty and adherents of discipline.

There are not, as it happens, either in life or in art very many kinds of discipline to choose from. Professor Babbitt seems to stand for that which is related to most of the disciplines of the Christian religion and of liberal education—that which has been expounded in the "Nicomachean Ethics." If he does indeed stand for this discipline, a large proportion of all the thinking generations younger than his are in the same camp with him. Some of them, of course, may prefer the Aristotelian "Ethics" after they have passed through the generous mind of Thomas Aquinas to the same "Ethics" after they have passed through a Puritan conscience. After all, perhaps, the preference is merely a matter of temperament. But as it is in the nature of democracies to permit their blood to become chill, their spiritual desires to become meagre, and to despise old high faiths and fervors, the philosopher who can help them best is the one who can instil some fire into their veins as well as discipline into their characters. For otherwise, we may all end as a collection of imitation robots.

Anyhow, even as adherents of discipline, we can permit ourselves to ask that question that Pilate asked about Truth—what is discipline and what is liberty? For much that passes for one is really the other. As for the guild of literary critics, it is our business to try to understand *all the values* in life, and particularly those values which have made certain of the human race remembered forever—Napoleon as well as Confucius, Catullus and Rousseau as well as Aristotle—for there is every sign that among the immortals all those qualities that make for passionate or strong or profound living of life are as treasured as those qualities that make for the excellent ordering of life.

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An Indian, not fixed up to be pretty, but caught and sketched in his wild state, by the author of "Laughing Boy."

Dangerous Man

BY OLIVER LA FARGE

This was the heart of the Indian country, the land of the Navajo, still unperturbed, unconscious of the slow-advancing, irresistible empire of the Americans. Badger Killer sat on a rock in the moonlight, singing. In his intention, the high-pitched, quavering love-song, which travelled nearly as far around as would a coyote's yelping, was projected only to the ears of one broad-faced young woman sitting among her family in their hut some fifty feet away.

Walter Mather, rolled up in his poncho, wished to heaven the buck would shut up; he was tired, he wanted to sleep. The figure against the sky did not look romantic to him, nor hardly lovable, though it might seem different to that dish-faced, cow-hocked squaw over in the hut. The young man was one of those heavy-faced Indians, long-lipped, heavy-lidded, broad-nosed, stupid and insolent-looking. One saw in him the doltish rustic and the savage. And that singing was really terrible.

Badger Killer had apparently sung himself out. He went away in the direction of his own camp. Mather rolled over with a sigh, then he grunted and sat up. There was another seated Indian in a blanket, about twenty yards away, but not singing. He saw the formless, wrapped, still figure bisected by the sharp line, with a glint of moonlight on it, of a muzzle-loading rifle; on watch, plainly. He pulled his saddle to him and made himself comfortable: no sleep to-night.

He hadn't known for the last two days whether he was a prisoner or a guest. There wasn't any gold hereabouts anyway. He was a fool to have come here. Himself and Pennsylvania and his father's house and his girl had nothing to do with all this. It was unreal. To-morrow he was going to get away from this menacing unreality; he couldn't get to Santa Fé and the stage line fast enough. The country was all right, if you liked desert, but these Indians—well, they just weren't people.

Be nice to get back home and eat real food and see a lot of grass again. Walk in the front door and smell that special smell there always was in the hall. Here, mustn't sleep.

Another Indian came to relieve the one who was watching him. After ages it grew light. He rose and cooked his breakfast as though everything were usual; then he went to saddle his horse. Spear Thrower, the chief of the settlement, walked up to Mather. Behind the old Indian stood two braves. Spear Thrower said in mutilated Spanish:

"Penga conmigo, chiquito hablamos."

He pointed toward the largest hut.

Mather looked at him, then he looked

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at the young men. One of them had an ancient gun, a flintlock with a bell mouth and elaborate brass decorations on the stock. It was an ornamental piece, much too damn ornamental. Looking at it and at its owner, with the wisps of hair hanging over his eyes, the dirty shirt of red-dyed, rough buckskin, one imagined him shooting that gun. It would spout fire and smoke and a handful of miscellaneous missiles, nails, shot, pebbles, anything. He rolled a cigarette slowly.

"Bueno pues, vamonos."

There were twelve men, old and young, inside the hut, sitting in a ring. Spear Thrower politely indicated a seat on a pile of sheepskins. Looking around, the American saw that every man there had a weapon of some kind across his knees. With a pleasant smile, he drew his Colt's revolver and laid it in his lap. He rolled another cigarette, and passed tobacco and papers.

Neither he nor any of the Indians were really at home in Spanish; he spoke practically no Navajo, and none of them were at home in English. Conversation proceeded with difficulty. They wanted to know what he was doing in their country, why he was poking all the time in odd corners.

He explained that he had been looking for a yellow metal which the Americans valued highly. He had not found any, so he was going to Santa Fé for a rest and more supplies. If he should find some, it would be a good thing for them; they would be paid blankets, copper, knives, gunpowder, many gifts, for the right to mine it. He was not a soldier, he was a friend; he wished them no harm.

They heard him quietly, then they began to talk among themselves. He wished he knew what they were saying. This was all so grotesque. He was Walter Mather, on his way back to Pennsylvania, where he belonged. Now this bad dream of dark, heavy faces in a half-lit brush hut was menacing him. He stroked the handle of his revolver. Hello, there was the love-song fellow making a speech. Bovine face, wonder what he's saying!

Badger Killer spoke directly to Spear Thrower. "What are you waiting about? We know all about that metal, we have seen it when we visited the Apaches. They come in great numbers, they bring soldiers. When we visited the Apaches that time, where the Americans were digging up that metal, they shot at us with one of those great big guns on wheels. We do not want them looking for it here, we do not want those gifts. We take what we need from the Mexicans, from the Zuñis and the Hopis; we do not want him here. Say the word, grandfather, and I shall walk to the door. From the door I shall put an arrow into him. This is too much talk, I think."

Spear Thrower answered: "You speak quickly, my son, I think. Look, he has one of those new gun's-children that shoots six times just like that. He has it in his hand. Which six of us want to be shot at? Let us let him go, I think."

Several others agreed.

Badger Killer spat on the floor. "Let him go, then. Tell him to get out. Tell him my friend over there and I shall ride with him as far as the pass, so as to see that he really goes. Let us attend to it. I shall ride back to camp on his horse."

"Good, that is well spoken. Does your friend want to go?"

Slender Hand, a tall, lanky brave with a hawk nose, said: "Yes. He has a plan, I think. I shall be glad to go with you, elder brother."

Every one assented. Spear Thrower

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turned to the American and told him in lame Spanish:

"You go now. You leave this country, you not return to it. These two young men ride with you as far as the pass, to see that you really go. Saddle your horse. Give me some tobacco."

Mather suppressed a sigh of relief as he passed over a full sack. "Keep it, my friend."

Evidently the ugly young buck's oration had been in his favor—probably had had experience of the soldiers, or else being in love had an effect even on the saddle-faced sons of the desert. He made fast his few goods and mounted with a swing of the leg. It was fine to be started, it would be fine to get through the pass and out of the Navajo country. His two escorts were conversing across him; they sounded cheerful. What a hell of an ugly language! Well, not as bad as Ute; but still, those exploding noises!

Badger Killer rode on his right, Slender Hand on his left. They were discussing the merits of Mather's iron-gray horse. Slender Hand changed the topic.

"What are you going to do? What can we do with only our bows?"

"Wait and see; I shall do it. I have a plan. I am a dangerous man. When we get to that flat place let us trot; that is all."

Badger Killer felt delightfully excited, a stirring in the pit of his stomach as the moment approached. He stretched his legs, pointing his toes in the stirrups, and leaned far back, so that the sun bathed his face. With half-closed eyes and his face upturned, he sang the song about the magpie, and the one that makes fun of the wildcat. Now they were at the flat place and began to trot.

"Nashto, shichai," he said to the American, holding his right hand toward him across his reins and moving his index finger in a small circle upon the ball of his thumb. *"Cigalo, amigo."* He held his reins and his quirt in his left hand.

Mather reached for his tobacco. They were such children, such frank and constant beggars! The Navajo reined his horse in sharply, and at the same time his outstretched right hand descended, to close upon the revolver in its holster. The horse stopped short; Mather's carried him a length ahead before he realized that he was disarmed.

The unreality had suddenly risen up like a gray cloud to overwhelm him; this was the impossible, the ridiculous end. He saw his front door and the Pennsylvania street and his father in a gray beaver hat, as he brought the quirt down frantically across his horse's quarters, across his neck.

With entranced, surprised delight, Badger Killer realized that the revolver was working for him, that it had fired, and again, and a third time, that he had hit, that the American was falling from the saddle. His pony, startled, was leaping sideways. He let out a whoop, and then emptied the remaining three chambers into the air while he gave the long-drawn, Navajo wolf-howl. Slender Hand caught the gray horse.

"I am a dangerous man. I took his gun's-child; while he was awake and watching I seized his gun's-child. It shot from my hand six times, pouring forth lightning. From my hand I sent lightning six times. In a handsome way, with my horse dancing, I killed him. I have a gun's-child; I can make it talk; I am a dangerous man."

"All right, Dangerous Man, come and divide these goods. Come take the scalp."

"The horse is mine, and that American hat. We shall divide the rest evenly."

They went through his few belong-

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ings, commenting excitedly. Slender Hand reached into one pocket.

"Look at these cigarette-papers!"

"Ei-yei! They are handsome! Look, they have pictures on them. Do you suppose they are holy?"

"I do not know, but they will make big cigarettes."

"Here is one, yellow on one side, green on the other. I want that. I shall smoke that where people can see. You may have the rest."

"Good."

"Look, look at this ornament. I shall hang it from my necklace."

"That is his god, I think. He prays to it."

"It speaks; listen! It says, 'Tick-tick, tick-tick.' "

"Yes, and see, that little stick goes round."

"How does he pray to it?"

"I saw him when he went to bed. He took out a piece of iron and turned it in this hole, and the thing made a singing noise. And when he got up he looked at it the first thing. He takes it out and looks at it; then he looks at the sun."

"It is for him, I think. It might be bad medicine for us."

"Perhaps you are right."

"I am afraid of it." Dangerous Man threw it away; it struck a rock and spouted wheels and springs.

"Ei! Look at how much was in it. Did you see those gleaming snakes? It is a bad thing."

They rode back to camp, leading the captured horse.

Dangerous Man sang, "I have a gun's-child, I have an American hat. I am a dangerous man. From his side I took his gun's-child; with a well-made plan I took his gun's-child, bravely. A-yé-yé-yé-ya-hai! It shot, from my hand it shot forth lightning; from my hand three times lightning went forth and struck him; while my horse danced, lightning went forth and struck him; in a handsome way lightning went forth and struck him. I have killed a Mexican, I have killed a Zuñi, I have killed an American. I have a gun's-child that shoots six times, I have an American hat, I have a blue horse. I am a dangerous man. A-yé-yé-yé-ya-hai!"

"That is all right, grandfather, but you will not sing that song in camp tonight. You have blood on you; we are not clean."

He came back to earth. "You are right. Let us find Tall Singer to make the songs over us." He flicked at his pony's mane with his quirt. "Then, when I sing at that place, I shall be heard, I think. That girl will speak to her parents now, I think."

Of Smallness

By Dorothy Tyler

It is a lonely thing to be
In such a world of land and sea
So small a thing.
What though the moon and sea ride high
And all the winds are free,
There is no moon or wind or sea
Can make a greater thing of me.

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With the emphasis in the new schools laid on group-activity and group-thinking, when does the modern child acquire self-knowledge and learn that life is a solitary venture?

Midnight Thinking

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

Not so long ago the fruits of solitude were supposed to have some value; a far greater value than the fare of any picnic. Great men were not supposed to have found their aims and visions in the common hamper. Nor were ordinary men supposed to have found in company those independent judgments that had led them to make choices of businesses or of professions, of mates, of ways of living, of loyalties, of interests, and resources. Even for a child some time was set apart in which he was to learn to be alone, to work alone, to play alone, to find out on his own initiative what he liked to do and what he didn't; above all, to face the fact that life must be a solitary venture.

Yet to-day in the home and school that pride themselves on being modern, the fruits of solitude are looked on with disfavor; if indeed they have not become forbidden fruit.

Whether they are wrongly or rightly put by for the picnic-lunch is the subject of this essay. But that they are so put by may be indicated by the following illustration. Recently a girl of fifteen remarked to me: "You see I have to wake up in the middle of the night and keep myself awake because that's all the time I've got to think."

She had no idea that she had expressed a dangerous hankering. Nor was her remark intended as a criticism. Yet it had irony. It had grim drollery; for it was made in a school-building upon which thought and money had been lavished that it might be equipped in every way for modern education. It was, indeed, the contrast between the elaborate physical equipment of the school and a need so simple that it required no library, no laboratories, no locker-rooms, no greenhouse, and no study hall, that gave me pause for thought.

From what I knew of this girl's life, I could argue that her need arose from very special circumstances. She had a room of her own, but in an apartment whose walls were not sound-proof against outside distractions nor insulated against the vibrating sense of a herd sheltered under the same roof. Living in New York, she was brought to school by a maid. Once in school, she was in a class with other children. Under a supervising teacher, she studied with them, recited with them, ate with them, rested with them, played games with them until half past four, when school was over. Then the chances were, since she was the child of parents of a special class who give their children all outside advantages, that she was again shepherded to a music lesson, or to a dancing or a riding lesson. In the evening she would dine with a family or

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with her governess, do her home work or her practicing till bedtime. On Saturdays, with a host of other children, she would go to the school-playground in the country. On Sundays she would be supposed to give her time to her own people and to join in with their plans. She had no chance for uninterrupted thinking, but hers was a special case.

Moreover, I could argue that unknown to herself this girl did think. Otherwise she would not be holding a responsible position in the student government, where her independent judgment was relied upon. Otherwise she would not be helping to edit the school paper, a task that exercised her taste and her discrimination. She would not be holding a post on the basket-ball team, nor would she be a member of the dramatic club. And most certainly, with all these taxes, she would not be standing well in lessons. But I knew that none of these activities, not even that of bringing her mind to work upon a special task—not even the doing of such school research work as appealed most to her individual bent and required most of her originality—was the kind of thinking she had meant.

What she wanted was a pause for thought of quite a different nature. What she desired was a quiet corner for herself and the time for contemplation. And not on any problem that the school could offer her. Somewhere, somehow, she had to find a breathing space, a respite from parents and their friends, from governesses, from supervising teachers; above all, from other children and group-thinking with its approvals and its disapprovals. She craved detachment in which to recognize herself as an individual with an individual's idea as to what was happening to her in her own unique adventure. She had to get a solitary slant on her own life; on what she had begun to want from it and not to want from it. The fruits of solitude were as much desired by her as were ever fruits desired by Tantalus. Only being a young person of determination she got them by the ruse of cheating her régime. She took the only time there was—the middle of the night—to reach some knowledge of herself.

Now it would be absurd to suggest that through the length and breadth of the United States the midnight hours are often broken into for this purpose. Many children, living in small places, are still educated under the old system that turns them loose for a good part of the afternoon. Many, by their nature, will never have other than those exterior interests that come from things and people. Others accept life as it is offered to them. If there seems to be no time in which to be alone, to speculate, to wonder, to turn things over in their minds, then they adjust; they develop outward curiosities and let the sense of inner speculation atrophy. They become group-thinkers and respond to the crowd.

But in one sense this girl's problem seems to me to be a pretty general problem. The daring of modern schools has gone into such equipment as makes informality and more groupings possible. It would be a bold school that dared to go against the current of the times and to write to-day above its doors the words of Socrates: "Know Thyself."

This girl was thus struggling not half so much against the complexities of modern life as against the convinced trend of modern education.

In this trend there is a contradiction. If psychoanalysts have taught us anything, they have taught us that an adult, to be rid of fears and inhibitions, must trace them back through the subconscious to their causes; and, though he

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sweat blood in doing it, must get rid of all that rationalizes and perverts the truth about his motives and reactions. To be free and hence adjusted to a grown-up world, he must starkly know himself.

Moreover, this is an age of search-lights—the most powerful ones at that—which are constantly turned upon the individual pupil. A child applying for admission to a private school might well be daunted by the physical examinations which she must undergo, by the Binet tests, by the intelligence tests, by every manner of careful checks made of her mental responsiveness and her physical co-ordination. Once in the school, she might be more daunted if she were aware, by the record of her progress kept in the files, by the comments made by all her teachers, by notes made of consultations with her parents, by remarks set down as to her physical condition, her aptitudes, her difficulties, and her needs. Her finger-prints are all that are omitted. If to-day we teachers fail to know a child put in our charge, it would seem not to be the fault of modern X-ray methods, but of the elusiveness of human nature in maintaining some reserves.

But shall we let a girl know herself? Shall we let her be concerned with valuing and revaluing that which makes her a distinct and separate person? Shall we leave her alone to form allegiances and standards for herself? Shall we let her discover those concepts which shall seem to her more important than anything else in the world until she replaces them by other more important concepts? Shall we let her set herself a goal and try to reach it unwatched by the herd? If she reaches it, shall we let her know that there may be some reward other than group-acclamation? If she fails to reach it, shall we let her find out her own shortcomings and face her failures, flat? In short shall we grant her that privacy in which she may turn a search-light on herself?

Into our minds rush all the terrifying words that are the catchwords of the psychoanalytic boom. No, we say. That way lie morbidness and brooding, shyness, ill-adjustment to the group, a sense of personal inferiority and all of its neuroses and conditionings. She will grow up an egocentric. She will turn into an introvert. From the beginning let us teach her to externalize. The less she thinks about herself the better for her mental health.

And because of this fear, more and more stress is laid upon the group and upon the child's relation to the group; and as a natural result, more emphasis is placed upon the extra-curriculum activities. As a matter of fact I recently read through a school editorial that was enlightening. In it the editor-in-chief stated with an honesty that was commendable, that the value of the school lay not in the classes, but in the outside interests. By natural inclination, she had some taste for learning, but she had been so strongly inoculated with the social habit that never again was her mind likely "to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Here, however, let us admit at once the valuable contribution made by modern education. No lesson is so important as that which gives a child her first inkling of social behavior. No curriculum, divinely devised, could be so valuable as that education which teaches her not to interfere with others, but to take her place among them, to feel that she should and can contribute something to them, to take responsibility and carry it, to be a citizen of her small world. And in furnishing just this sort of adjustment, the best of modern schools are at their best.

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Certainly they show a marked improvement over the old methods where lessons were learned by rote and recited parrot-fashion, where good deportment meant physical inactivity, where gymnastics consisted of the briefest exercises done with dumb-bells, and where if a child did not make friends it was nobody's fault. Surely in the modern school, a child—almost any child—can make her contacts easily and can thus acquire self-confidence and self-reliance that will fit her for her adult life.

She could, that is, but for this fact. The group system of study and of play seems to have acquired the faults of its chief merit. While it teaches children to get on with other children, it does not teach the individual the self-initiative to start a task alone or the self-control to see it through alone to the proving point of her success or failure. Whatever her experiment brings is the applause of the crowd, not the inner satisfaction that comes from detached accomplishment. Whatever it fails to bring is attended not half so much by the self-realization that she has fallen short in her own estimation as that she will not win the plaudits of the crowd.

As an illustration of my point, I should like to recount a visit which I made to a good progressive school. In a big, sunny carpentry room which had every tool that a master-carpenter might want, a group of children were busy constructing an ice-boat which, when it was finished, was to be the joint property of all. The assembling of the different parts was to come later. But at the moment, individual children, far too occupied to notice me, were planing the hull, were sharpening the mast, were cutting out the sails, and binding them. At first the plan seemed ideal. The group was held together by a common interest which when it was worked out should be of common benefit. Each of them had selected the task which she liked best and was thus expressing her own individuality. Moreover, when she struck a snag, some one was at hand to rescue her and start her off again. The sunny workshop provided a fine lesson in co-operation in which discipline was unnecessary. The girls were working at top speed.

"But what does a child do," I asked, "if she gets into difficulties by herself?"

And the teacher's answer was, "That almost never happens. There's always some one around to help her out."

Well, in life there isn't. There may be, of course; and because of that fact the joint work on the ice boat was most valuable. It did teach the children how to stop their own work and give aid to others. It did teach them how to seek and to receive aid gracefully. But the flaw, as it seemed to me, was that the task was assigned as a group-task in which each child was continually bolstered up by the sense of working for a common end, of having her interest sustained by the presence of others who were working too, by having others there to acclaim her speed and her efficiency, or, if she failed, to console her for her failure and to gloss it over. In this school, I could not discover that a single task was given that must be coped with in the discipline of solitude. In each case the individual child was held up by the group.

In another good progressive school, I chanced to pay a visit during a period assigned to silent reading. A group of girls were on the fire-escape; others were sunning themselves upon the roof, others sitting on the porch. They were all quiet. They were reading, and it is probable that they were learning a sound lesson in concentration. But the signal fact was this. No one child had preferred

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to go off by herself to read. I doubt even with the inclination if she would have dared to in the face of seeming "different." But even had no one this desire, each member of the class was buoyed up by some one else beside her. Apparently, she could read happily only so long as some one else was under like compulsion and was reading too.

Now in actual adult life, there are many obvious tasks which must be put through alone, if at all. Nor is it solely creative work that demands solitude as the first requisite. Granted the continuous habit of a supervising teacher who is there to straighten out the snarls—granted the habit of dependence on a group, how and when are these modern children going to learn to close a door, to shut themselves in and other people out without the sense of grievance and injustice and helplessness? How at a long stretch are they going to concentrate without support, to do their lonely best to think things out, to put through an arduous piece of work if they can put it through, to fail if they must fail. In other words, having relied for all of their school life upon the support of a group, how are they to learn to do without that prop and to stand on their own feet?

More serious still seems to me a comment upon the group system which I can contribute from my own experience. It so happens that English composition, which is the subject that I teach, cannot, apart from the school magazine or the literary club, be made a very social matter. In writing a composition, a child is confronted by the fact that no one else can recall her own experience, can share her own reaction to it; that she must set down what she as an individual has thought and seen and felt. The words in which to put that experience are her own problem, and she is starkly up against her power or lack of power. Now it so happens that I occasionally have a pupil who has a real gift at writing and who cares for the exact and special phrase that shall convey her meaning. Seldom, I think, have I had an exceptionally gifted student and looked up her record that I have not found such comments from the other teachers: "Should be drawn more into the group." "Too much of an individualist." "Has no social feeling." In short, that sense of detachment, of personal entity that is necessary for the writer, for the artist, for the musician, for any sort of thinker, marks off the rebels from shared thought and from the picnic thinking of a group.

While the number of actually creative minds is small, it is probable that the number of minds capable of thought and of drawing strength from thought, is large. Not so numerous as those which know no aftermath of reflection to the immediate stimulus of people, but numerous enough to warrant giving them a modicum of tranquillity, of quiet, of reflection, of absence from the strain of interruption and of supervision—from the strain of people.

Provided, of course, that that modicum of tranquillity, of preoccupation with one's thoughts is not morbid and unhealthy. What I should like to point out is that this unalleviated presence of people which may grow to be a habit, is dangerous and destructive too in an insidious way.

In the first place, it may go too much against the grain. We teachers are now inclined to take the girl who is an extrovert as such, and, provided that she has a good working, though unimaginative, mind, to be thankful for her. She will not give us any trouble. She is in everything, a friend of every one. As far as we can see she is headed to-

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ward a normal, happy life. But we know that this would not be true if we deliberately detached her from the group, rendered her a solitary, forced her to deal solely with abstract and introspective subjects at which she was less capable than other students. We know that thus we should be giving her a sense of her inferiority. So, while inducing her to think as much as she can think, we rate her for her character, her sportsmanship, her leadership, her popularity, and lay the least possible emphasis upon her power and continuity and originality of thought.

But, on the other hand, terrorized by the psychoanalysts, we attempt to force the introvert, the self-contained and reflective child into an external life that is unnatural to her. Not that she should not be started in a group and helped to make her personal contacts. But it may well be that she is not of the stuff from which we can make a good basket-ball player, a good student government officer, an editor of the school paper, a club leader: a "mixer"; that the sole contribution which she can make to the group is that which her mind has achieved in solitude. Consequently when we make group achievement and above all group acclamation the sole test of adjustment and success, we are foisting upon her a wrong sense of her inferiority. Group thought is alien to her. Yes, but if she seeks a respite from it, she perceives that she is regarded as queer and different. Therefore she either rebels, withdraws, and goes off entirely on her own; or she wilfully destroys what need not have led to morbidness or egotism, the most real and constructive pleasure in the working of her mind.

Personally, I am not sure that we have not gone too far even with the extroverts. Those of us who have visited in the homes of children brought up under the new system of constant supervision and companionship, know how perpetually these children, used to herds, are at hand or underfoot. It may be pleasantly. It may be that all they want is the comfortable sense of people near them. But it is not right or natural that they should care more for such actual physical presence and the grown-up talk which it entails, than for their own concerns and independent interests. They ought to want to be off about their own affairs, even though it means to be alone. Often the habit of society which we are instilling, results more unpleasantly. The child who has been constantly supervised has no initiative, and, left with a holiday upon her hands, she fretfully besieges every one with the question which she ought not to have to ask: "What shall I do now?" Moreover, that question met and solved, she shows her training by a further query, "Whom can I have in to do it with me? May she stay to lunch? Could she go to the movies with me after lunch? Could she spend the night with me?" With the whole world to roam in, with more to do with than a child of thirty years ago could have imagined, she regards herself as being punished, as being put into a solitary confinement, though it have no lock or walls, unless she may have some one to accompany her. As much as any child was ever afraid of the dark, she is scared of the society of her own self.

This habit of society I am inclined to think is largely responsible for the fact that many students leave college after one or two years, and with no feeling of responsibility about a task left unaccomplished and with no conviction that they have turned their backs upon the opportunity for further intel-

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lectual knowledge. If I ask them why they are going to college, their answer is that they want to know what college life is like, that it will be fun to meet girls who come from everywhere, that they want to room with So-and-so. Almost never is college regarded by them as a place where, with not too much distraction, they may pursue some bent, some real intellectual interest which has been awakened in their school life. Those who leave without completing their four years are quite frank about their reasons for so doing. In the main the courses are "all right." They have no complaint to make about the lecturers. But it all gets so stale. What gets so stale? The people. You discover, they say, that one class is exactly like another. In short, they are bored, not with the studies, because they never hoped to get enjoyment from the studies, but by the girls themselves. Laughable as were the old serious college days when a woman's education was something to be fought for, those were the days when the desire for knowledge produced entities and characters whose differing convictions made them mentally interesting to each other. It was something that stirred curiosity to meet a person whose background was Brockton, Mass., and whose goal was Oxford. It was something to meet a person whose background was one of sophistication and of luxury, but who meant to give her time and wealth to social service, to problems of labor and of immigration. It was something to meet a person who was headed for Johns Hopkins or for the University of Edinburgh. It meant still more to know that, at the time, such persons would let the world go hang if they could reach their destination. But when one has been an officer of student government or a class president in school, it is not very interesting to meet a person who still has this aim, even if on a larger scale. Nor when one has been a captain in some branch of school athletics, is it very interesting to meet those whose aim is still the same in college. Of course, there are exceptions, many of them. But by and large the group system does its work by making the physical associations with people and more people more interesting than one's own mind or theirs. In a short time, unless the individual imagination happens to be caught, a rare phenomenon, the girls decide that after all there is more variety at home.

In addition, this over-stressing of the group system and of socialization would seem to be heading the children of today toward those very difficulties which, without self-resources and self-reliance without a fearlessness toward solitude, are so hard to deal with in middle life. If supervision and continual society help to tide the adolescent over morbidness and brooding, they may, since they grow by what they feed on, lead directly toward the mental crashes that come later. Take any community, and what is it marked by if not by the club-car, the country-club, the reading club, even the Rotary club, by whatever gathering prevents the adult from having to be alone with his own thoughts? It is not only that to be alone has come to be considered as marking a person queer, different, unpopular, but it has come to be as difficult a feat for the individual as breaking off the habit of drink or of narcotics. Society is the prescribed sedative for the waking hours. In one reading club I know of, each woman was supposed to read a book and prepare a paper for discussion. Almost inevitably came the excuse that friends had called her up for tea or to make a fourth at

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bridge, and that she had been unable to make the time for preparation. And never came the facing of the fact that she had used anything as an excuse not to have to be alone.

When the habit of people merely as people gets to be so strong, we only need to look around to see what happens: restlessness, the breaking down of consistency and continuity and hence of one's own aim, the frantic desire for amusement in a crowd, the physical exhaustion that comes from that amusement, the desire for talk that consists of gossip and of happenings, the frantic clutch for youth that meant more outward attractiveness and hence more popularity, the loss of human dignity, and hence the disintegration of a personality through the lack of accomplishment, and the peace of mind which accomplishment can bring. And in the forties and thereafter it is the introverts who have the best of it. To have faced the fact that life is solitary has this much advantage, that it helps a person to come through on the best terms with one's self. It is such people who have reckoned long ago with the childish feelings of slight and grievance and envy when they are left out of anything. It is the extrovert who shows the blind, the childish, the fatuous emphasis upon inclusion. It is he who seeks pathetically after people with less and less the sense of selectiveness about his company, with less and less the confidence that his presence is desired by them. If, moreover, he does actually come a nervous cropper, it is he, with no self-resources, whom the psychoanalyst or nerve-specialist finds most difficult to rebuild.

Loneliness

By Stanley M. Moffat

I hear your voice, my love, and understand,
Our words are few. A smile, a half reply,
You nod your head, or lift expressive hand,—
How well we know each other, you and I!
As well as two in love can ever know,
Who whisper in the night, and laugh with morn,
And sense unspoken thoughts before the slow
Inception of the words. But yet forlorn,
We know we are alone in mind and heart,
As mute, as gesturing, as leafless trees,
Or like two lights on distant rocks apart
That flash together over empty seas.
Ah love, we know each other, you and I,
As well as any two who live and die.

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J. E. B. STUART

II. Harper's Ferry—Stuart's First Appearance

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.
Captain, U. S. Marine Corps

The fascinating story of Jeb Stuart by the Marine Corps officer who wrote "Fix Bayonets!" now swings to his part in the capture of John Brown at Harpers Ferry and to the outbreak of the Civil War. From his army post in Kansas, he works himself back to Virginia against the active Union opposition encountered in St. Louis. And the stage is set for the appearance on the scene of war of one of the most glamourous military figures the world has ever known.

Across Charleston Harbor, the morning of 12 April, 1861, three batteries opened on Fort Sumter, where the United States flag flapped in the lazy sea-wind above Major Bob Anderson and seventy-odd coast artillerymen. When the news came to Richmond, in Virginia, it was night, and there followed extravagant rejoicing. The iron cannon of the Fayette Artillery Company, in battery on Shockoe Hill, fired a salute of one hundred guns, and they rang all the bells.

The Virginia Convention, sitting in Richmond since February, and predominantly Unionist in sentiment, had up to this time voted down, or otherwise headed off, every plunge toward secession. Now it had Lincoln's call for 75,000 troops, Virginia's quota, 8,000, to force the seceded States back into the Union. Immediately all parties, Unionists, Moderates, Ultra-secessionists, coalesced, only Jubal Early persisting in forlorn fight for adherence to the Federal Union. Lincoln's call to arms drove Virginia into the arms of the Confederacy. Late at night, on 17 April, the convention in secret session passed the Ordinance:

"The people of Virginia recognize the American principle, that government is founded on the consent of the governed, and the right of the people of the several states of this union for just cause to withdraw their association under the Federal Government, with the people of other states, and to erect new governments for their better security; and they will never consent that the Federal Power, which is in part their power, shall be exerted for the purpose of subjecting such states to the Federal Authority."

There was hardly a conception, among the people, of the superiority of the North in resources and potential power. Very few Southerners—although among these few were Mr. Jefferson Davis and some thoughtful men who had seen the North and gauged its temper and measured its strength—believed that war would follow secession. Of course, when you examined the census returns, there were more people up there; but quality—not quantity—is what counts in a horse-race, said the local wise men. It was widely considered that those Yankees, with their amusing President, were men of business and would not fight beyond the marts of trade. And, if they did, the very niggers in the field knew that Europe couldn't get along without cotton. In the unlikely event that help was needed, England and France, hindered in their vital trade, would be right over, with ships and

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men. This last was a fatal illusion, obscuring vision in the high places of the South to the very end of the war. And the States went out, joyously.

"Virginians, to arms!" bawled the Richmond *Enquirer*. "For the 3rd time in 241 years you are called on to take up arms in defense of your homes against the invasion of the foe!" Thus, to the 24th of April. On the 23d Governor Letcher had named his Advisatory Council, Judge Allen, Colonel Smith (of V. M. I.), Captain Matthew Fontaine Maury, late U. S. N.

In the State Library at Richmond there are files on files of correspondence for the last days of April and the month of May, handled by Governor Letcher and this council. The tough rag paper is yellowed and the ink a little dim, but the clear longhand script is perfectly legible. Every sort of person wrote. People sent in petitions, testimonials, appreciations, complaints, addresses, and declarations of patriotism, and canny commercial propositions. On each document are indorsed the date of receipt and the action taken or action deferred.

Among them there was a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Pannill Stuart, born a Pannill of Pittsylvania, widow of the late Archibald Stuart of Augusta, and kin to the Letchers of Rockbridge, to solicit an appointment in the Virginia State forces for her son, Lieutenant James Ewell Brown Stuart, formerly of the 1st United States Cavalry Regiment, who had resigned from the Federal army and was now hastening to Virginia from his last station in the Territory of Kansas.

In due time Lieutenant Stuart reported in Richmond, having resigned his United States commission, and he was named major of infantry in the Virginia State forces on 6 May. Virginians are never so occupied that they cannot take time to recall the past, and men remembered the young cavalry officer who had a part in the suppression of the John Brown raid a year and a half before. Indeed, there was a report that it had been Stuart's sword which cut down old Osawatomie at Harpers Ferry. This detail was not true, as Stuart himself declared then and afterward, but it was his first appearance on the Virginia scene, and the story is worth telling.

J. E. B. Stuart, in 1859, was a lieutenant in the 1st United States Cavalry Regiment, stationed in Kansas Territory. That year he obtained a six months' leave of absence and took his family back to Virginia, visiting his people around Abingdon and Saltville and Laurel Hill. On 5 October of that year the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church met in Richmond, and Lieutenant Stuart, to whom church matters were always of first importance, attended the convention as a lay delegate. At the end of the second week in October he went up to Washington to call on the Secretary of War. He had invented and patented an improved device for attaching the cavalryman's sabre to the belt, and he was attempting to sell the patent to the War Department. On Monday, 17 October, he was waiting for an interview in the anteroom of the Secretary.

In the late summer of this year a gimlet-eyed old party who gave his name as Smith had leased a farm in western Maryland, a few miles from the Potomac River at Harpers Ferry, where the important United States arsenal was located. The fact had occasioned no comment. Mr. Smith, or Captain Smith, as people called him, had given out that he was going to make a crop, after the habit of the region. Sunday night, 16 October, 1859, this Smith, with some

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twenty men, whites and negroes, a number of Sharpe's rifles, and a selection of cutlasses and pikes, had appeared in Harpers Ferry about the time that the citizens were proceeding home from church and going to bed. They had also cut the telegraph wires. There were no soldiers attached to the arsenal, and Harpers Ferry was a small town, and the raiders quickly had possession of it. Details of the force went out into the country and dragged citizens from their sleep, bringing them in as hostages. Among these hostages was Colonel Lewis Washington, a grandnephew of George Washington. When Monday morning came the local militia began to assemble, and there was some shooting. The raiders, who had first established themselves in the armory, were driven out of it and took refuge in the stout, windowless stone house on the arsenal grounds, in which the fire-engines and hose-carts were stored. Some of them were killed, and some citizens.

In the afternoon the news, relayed through Frederick and Baltimore by officials of the railroad, reached Richmond. The first bulletin was: "There is trouble of some sort at Harpers Ferry. A party of workmen have seized the Government Armory." This was amplified by the next: "The men at Harpers Ferry are not workmen. They are Kansas Border Ruffians, who have attacked and captured the place, fired upon and killed several unarmed citizens, and captured Colonel Washington and other prominent citizens of the neighborhood. We cannot understand their plans or ascertain their numbers." Governor Wise of Virginia was roused from his siesta to read these messages, and he at once telegraphed orders to Colonel John Thomas Gibson, of Charlestown, which is a few miles west of Harpers Ferry, to raise the militia infantry in the region, and similar orders to Colonel Robert W. Baylor, commanding the 3rd Regiment of Militia Cavalry. He himself called out the Richmond regiment and prepared to accompany them to the scene by special train. Incidentally, the local troops were already out and swapping shots with the raiders—at long range—and Maryland militiamen were crowding down to the river from the north.

The news reached Washington a little earlier than it came to Richmond. During the forenoon, while Lieutenant Stuart waited for his interview, one came out of the Secretary's office, and asked him if he would take an important note over to Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, who was then at his home, Arlington, on leave from his command in Texas. A forward-looking youngster would be eager for any contact with the admired staff captain of General Scott, the officer who was regarded as the coming man in the army, and Stuart took the envelope and rode out through Georgetown and across the Potomac with it. What he carried was the order for Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to proceed by special train to Harpers Ferry and suppress the disorder reported at that place. Stuart, who heard of it for the first time (it was not made public in Washington until afternoon), asked and obtained permission to go along with the Lieutenant-Colonel as aide. They left Washington by special train at five o'clock in the afternoon.

In the meantime, there being no soldiers available, Chief Clerk Walsh of the Navy Department had gone at noon to the marine barracks, and ascertained from the officer of the day that there were ninety marines at hand. These were ordered out by the Secretary of the Navy, "furnished with a proper number of ball-cartridges, ammunition, and rations, and . . . two howitzers and

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schrapnel" and placed aboard the 3.30 train, under the command of Lieutenant Israel Green, U. S. M. C. Green's orders were to report to the senior army officer present at Harpers Ferry, if there was an army officer there, and otherwise to "take such measures as in his judgment may be necessary to protect the Arsenal and other property of the United States." At Frederick the marines were ordered to wait at Sandy Hook—a mile short of the Ferry—for Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, and at ten o'clock Lee and Stuart came up, and the force marched across the bridge and entered the armory grounds. It had grown dark, and the Virginia militia had the engine-house closely surrounded. They were relieved by the marines, and drew off to a distance. At daylight Lieutenant-Colonel Lee directed Green to form a storming party, with a second party to support it. The howitzers had been left on the cars. Orders were given to the marines not to fire, for the safety of the hostages penned up with the raiders. There is a story that Lee, as a courtesy to Virginia, offered the militia the honor of going in after them, but that the militia declined, on the ground that some of their friends, the hostages, might be hurt by them, and they couldn't bear the idea. Governor Wise was scathing in his remarks about his militia afterward.

At 6.30 o'clock, in the misty October morning, Lee sent his aide forward with a note to the men in the engine-house. If they came out and surrendered, wrote Lee, their lives would be protected, and they would be held in safety for such disposition as the proper legal authorities saw fit to make of them. Otherwise the marines would come in and get them. Stuart was directed to present this note, and to take the answer—yes or no. He was not to parley. The marines covered the rear of the engine-house, which had no exit, and the storming parties—twelve leathernecks to each, Green's biggest men—stood in readiness at the front, at forty yards' distance. Lee sat on a horse under a tree, near by, and Green walked a little way forward with Stuart: they aranged that, if the men inside refused to give themselves up, Stuart was to jump aside and wave his hat, and the marines would come on the run.

The engine-house was perhaps thirty by thirty-five feet, longer than deep. Large double doors opened from the front of it, with stone abutment between them. The doors were of massive oak construction, iron-bound and studded with metal. Inside, a fire-engine habitually stood behind each door, and the hose-cart in the centre, behind the abutment. Stuart approached the door on the right. It opened a little, and a gimlet-eyed old fellow, whom Stuart recognized perfectly as Osawatomie Brown of Kansas, held a cocked carbine on him and received the note. No; he would not surrender, but he had a counter-proposition, and he proceeded at length to set it forth. He and his men were to be allowed to come out; to be given a specified start on the pursuit—Stuart jumped away from the door and waved his hat. Green says it was a feathered hat, of a type afterward famous.

The marines, in dark-blue frocks, with sky-blue trousers and white belts, and armed with sledges from the armory, came at the double, and thundered mightily against the door, without effect. Inside, they fired with carbines through the door, and the powder smoke seeped out around the edges of the timbers. A long, heavy ladder lay on the ground in front of the engine-house, and Green cried to his men to take that ladder and batter with it. They caught it up, ran back, dashed it against the door;

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ran back, and assaulted the door again. At the second blow the right-hand section broke in, low down, and the timbers splintered upward. Green, who stood with Stuart between the doors, dived through the opening, his sword in front of him. Inside, the place was full of smoke: Green thinks that old Brown had just emptied his carbine, and was reloading, and so he passed safely. No other of Brown's party seems to have fired. Green ran to the right of the engine at the door, passed behind it, and came to the centre of the enclosure, by the hose-cart, where Colonel Lewis Washington was standing. Colonel Washington was a man of serene habit. He gave Lieutenant Green a clasp of the hand, for they were acquaintances, and he said, "Hello, Green." And he added, "This is Osawatomie—" indicating a kneeling figure, dim in the smoke, a pace to the left. In those quick seconds while Green doubled around the engine, old Brown had been in action: the first two marines who followed their officer through the hole were down, one shot through the belly and the other through the face. Green saw "an old man kneeling with a carbine in his hand, with a long gray beard falling away from his face, looking quickly and keenly toward the danger that he was aware had come upon him"—and he slashed powerfully at that old man's head. He missed the head, for Old Brown dodged, but the blade bit deeply into the neck at the base of the skull, and as Old Brown, stunned, rolled sideways, Green thrust, and a leather strap on Old Brown's chest took the point, and the light-dress sword bent almost double. Now the marines were through the smoke and over the fallen men, and they bayoneted one fellow skulking under the engine, and pinned another against the rear wall, so that they died. And Lieutenant Green ordered them "to spill no more blood."

Presently Old Brown lay on the grass outside, and the men with him were all dead, or prisoners, and the hostages were liberated. Colonel Lewis Washington was a fastidious man, and he had been without toilet facilities in the engine-house, and he delayed to draw his kid gloves over his unwashed hands before he would come to pay his respect to Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. They moved Old Brown on a mattress to the jail at Charlestown, and Governor Wise, arriving that day, saw him in prison, and has recorded his admiration of his courage, quite aside from his reaction to Old Brown's politics and ambitions. "He was the gamest man I ever saw." And the governor likened his attitude then to a "broken-winged hawk, lying on his back, with a fearless eye, and his talons set for further fight, if need be—" There was no exultation over him, when he was received from the Federal forces by Virginia, or at his trial, or at his hanging. . . .

The next day Old Brown, recovered from the shocks of his wounds, talked freely to the governor, and to the military officers, and to the newspaper persons who had rushed more lately to the scene. He came, he said, on a Christian mission; he was a man of good will. He desired not to harm anybody, but to free an oppressed people. He dwelt at length on the purity of his motives and on his high inspiration, and said that he was justified in all his acts. Lieutenant Stuart listened, and he was the only man present who could identify Old Brown as the Osawatomie Brown of Bleeding Kansas, for out there he had ridden, with Colonel Sumner's cavalry, to liberate certain victims of Osawatomie on the troubled Kansas marches, and had met him in the section where mayhems, ar-

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sons, and murders, with attendant horse-theft and nigger-stealing, had marked him in abolition circles as a rising man. He said now, "But, Captain Brown, don't you believe the Bible?"

To this Old Brown returned no answer. He remarked, looking at Stuart, "I believe that the major, here, would not have been alive but for me. I might have killed him, just as easy as I could kill a mosquito, when he came in, but I supposed that he came in only to receive our surrender. . . ." And he added that he called surrender, as loud as he could, before the marines attacked him, and that they killed his people and wounded him after they had given up. This Lieutenant Green denied in all its details. . . . Colonel Washington left no written evidence. But Green reported, and Stuart wrote immediately to his mother. All other testimony must be hearsay.

And Old Brown spoke to them again, looking up from his mattress with his hard, pale, killer's eye, to the governor of Virginia, and the marine, and the brown-bearded cavalryman, and the militia officers, and the craning reporters: "I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe to be perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or a ruffian—but, on the contrary, to aid those suffering of a great wrong. I wish to say, further, that you had better, all you people of the South, prepare yourselves for a settlement of this question. It must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it, and the sooner you commence that preparation the better for you. You may dispose of me very easily: I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean. The end is not yet."

So, in material effect, the assault on Virginia by Old Brown, Old Osawatomie, Old John Brown, Captain Smith, was a moderately bloody failure. He freed no slaves at all. Colonel Washington's negroes, a batch of whom he seized when he took the Colonel, refused to participate in the defense of the engine-house. Others fled from him; none rose to join him. He accomplished the death of a few citizens, a free negro employed by the railroad, and a United States marine. He died, himself, at the end of a rope, and his followers suffered with him. The dead were buried, and remembered as the dead are, with appropriate emotions, and the glaziers of the armory replaced the broken glass in the windows of the government buildings, and artificers repaired the shattered door of the engine-house at Harpers Ferry, and Governor Wise told them at Richmond that something drastic would have to be done about the militia: they were too inefficient, and in Colonel John Thomas Gibson's whole regiment there were not more than one hundred serviceable muskets. But the echoes of the affair reverberated monstrously.

Virginia, and the South after her, took the riot and the ensuing trials at Charlestown with surprising calm. There was a vast excitement in the North. The Southerners presently learned, with shocked incredulity which turned to anger, that old Brown was rather widely regarded, up there, as a man of consecrated life: in effect, a martyr. From New Hampshire came the voice of a minister of the Gospel, at a meeting for prayer on the day of the hanging at Charlestown: old Brown "died for righteousness' sake!" A New York paper declared, on the exchange desks of Southern editors, "That gallows's as glorious as a cross!" The South became very angry indeed. Old Brown, to them, meant servile insurrection, and men remem-

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bered Nat Turner in Southampton County. It appeared that these Northern people, furiously vociferous, at the extreme applauded, and at the mean did not condemn, the fomenting of a slave uprising in a peaceful, unoffending sister State. They were out to free the slaves at any cost in blood and tears. And slaves were property, like horses and land and cattle, and whether a man owned any or not—most Southerners owned no slaves and never expected to—what Virginia did about it was not the affair of Massachusetts. The South began to regard the ties which bound it to such people as undesirable and actively dangerous. Old Brown, being well dead at Charlestown, became a national issue: who is not with us is against us! The part he played in the elections of 1860 would have gratified him immensely. He worked powerfully in the minds of men, North and South, and he was more effective, dead, than he had ever been in all his stammering and futile life.

You conceive that Lieutenant Stuart had fine tales to tell when he went back to duty at Fort Riley, and he told a story well. The officers in those far places had their news from home infrequently, and there was time to examine from every angle, to discuss and digest, each budget of letters and papers before the next one came. Yet it does not appear that political talk had much part in the life of the army posts. A man's politics, if he had any, were those of his section. Rawle's "Constitutional Law," the text-book studied by that generation at West Point, enunciated clearly the doctrine of state sovereignty, and no reasonable person questioned it. When disunion began to be mentioned, increasingly in 1860, the impression prevailed throughout the Army and Navy that an officer's course of action would properly be guided by the action of his State. In the meantime the superior man attended to his regimental duties, formulated measures for his own conduct, and carefully refrained from critical utterances against the honest convictions of his brother officers.

On 18 January, 1861, Stuart wrote his brother, William Alexander Stuart, a citizen of Saltville, Va.: "Events are transpiring so rapidly, that furnish us so little hope of perpetuating the Union, that I feel it incumbent upon me to tell you my course of conduct in such a contingency. Of course, I go with Virginia, whether she be alone, or otherwise." He was sure, he went on, that a large military force would be required for some time by the State, and he thought he might raise in Wythe County a legion (200 men) of cavalry, or a battery of light artillery, himself as commander. The influence of Governor Letcher, his kinsman, would doubtless be helpful, and he wanted his brother to be looking around for men and horses.

By that time five States had left the Union, and most of the regular officers, native to these States, had resigned and gone home. Stuart dealt with the matter in a paragraph, and proceeded to tell his brother about the temperance speech he made in Fort Wise, Christmas, "which gained me great eclat among the officers and soldiers—there are ¼ the command Sons of Temperance; they had a grand procession and ovation. I had only a few days' notice and spoke 20 minutes. . . ." All his life Stuart was a temperance man, and of that more hereafter.

His wife, the daughter of Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, was at Fort Riley with her father, and her two children with her, for the winter. In February Stuart applied for sixty days' leave and went down to join them, leaving Wise about 1 March. He wrote his brother: "At Fort Riley, . . . I will quietly

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and calmly await the march of events." A few days later, from Fort Riley, he wrote: "The moment she [Virginia] passes the ordinance of secession, I will set out immediately for Richmond and report in person to Gov. Letcher, unless I am certain that my services would be more needed at some other point in the State." (In this sentence, the final word was written "South," but he scratched it out and made it "State." "If no war ensue upon Virginia's secession, I will quit the army, and if I can obtain no desirable position in her regular army, I will resign and practice law in Memphis, Tennessee. I am a captain now, by the vacancies which have already occurred in the army, but I would rather be a private in Virginia's army than a general in any Army to Coerce her. . . . Colonel Cooke will, I think, become a Missourian, in the event of disruption, as he is perhaps more identified with that State than any other. . . ." He thought the Federal Government should "withdraw its troops on the secession of a State, so depriving that State of any further protection by the Federal Government, for which sole purpose the troops were stationed within her limits. . . ." And he concluded: "I am making very small calculations on my realizing anything out of my Captaincy, and I am looking forward with considerable certainty to resignation."

He was twenty-eight years old in the month just passed. He had entered West Point at the age of seventeen, in 1850, and he had no ambitions outside the profession of arms. In his six years of service he had done well; his colonel in his first regiment, the Mounted Rifles, had officially reported him as an officer of unusual promise. He had been one of the hand-picked lot posted to the 1st and 2d Cavalry regiments, which were formed by Jefferson Davis when he was Secretary of War and officered by the élite of the army. A. S. Johnston and Sumner were their colonels; Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee their lieutenant-colonels. The majors were Emory, Sedgwick, Hardee, and Thomas; and McClellan, Hood, Kirby Smith, Sackett, Stoneman, Bayard, Fitzhugh Lee, and Lomax were among the company officers. Almost every officer in these regiments, from the second lieutenants up, rose to high command in the war. With the Southern officers leaving, those who remained in the service were certain of their future, of promotion, and of opportunity. And Stuart was married, his wife was the daughter of Colonel Cooke of the United States Dragoons, and he was dependent on his pay. It is not on record that he hesitated, when the time came for decision, or ever considered any action other than the one he took. He was on a leave status when the news of Virginia's secession reached Kansas. He mailed his resignation and took the road to Virginia, with Flora Stuart and his boy and girl. His establishment was not elaborate and he owned no slaves.

Travelling down the Missouri to St. Louis, the Stuarts found the city in an uproar, with Union sentiment distinctly on top. The Federal Government was accepting the resignations of Southern officers and allowing them to proceed at will, but in St. Louis and elsewhere through the border States unpleasant and effective restraints were being laid upon secessionists. Lieutenant Alexander, returning from San Francisco to Georgia, by way of steamer to New York, was obliged to take the cars to Kentucky, and cross that frontier. Cadet John Pelham, West Point '61, started for Alabama by the western route, and was obliged, in New Albany, Ind., to give out that he was a courier of General Scott's: that relieved him of immediate

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arrest, but did not get him out of danger, and a pretty Union girl, who melted at his blond elegance, rowed him across the river from Jeffersonville to Kentucky under pretense of a boat ride. Otherwise, he thinks he would have been confined. Stuart spent several anxious days in St. Louis before he could get off, by boat and stage and rail, to the East. He had investments in St. Louis amounting to $6,000, no small sum in that day, which he was forced to leave behind. It was a trouble to him, for there was always a certain Scotch thrift in his anxiety for the support of those dependent on him.

There accompanied him, from Riley, his wife's brother, Mr. John R. Cooke, Harvard '55, who elected to follow his brother-in-law out of the Union and who would become an able and respected brigadier of the Confederacy. He fought through all the great Virginia battles and took five heavy wounds, and lived after Appomattox to raise a family in Richmond; and he would, after twenty years, become reconciled to his father in a meeting at the Willard Hotel in Washington. But Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, although he was born a Virginian, did not become a Missourian. He held with his dragoons, and was very soon a brigadier-general of United States cavalry. A little more than a year later Stuart's horsemen were snatching at his father-in-law's outposts, behind Fitz-John Porter's flanks on the Peninsula.

Commissioned major of infantry by Governor Letcher on 6 May, 1861, Stuart was ordered to Winchester, where General Joseph E. Johnston was whipping into shape the Confederate Army of the Shenandoah.

"The Ride Around McClellan," one of Stuart's most famous exploits, revealing his character and his spirit, the story of a great adventure, appears in the July SCRIBNER'S.

The Son

BY MARK VAN DOREN

FATHER, though his hand in yours
Be very warm and small
And pull you on to pleasant places,
Father, let it fall.

As often as it reaches up,
Wrap it round again.
Give all it takes; but when it loosens
Be you ready then.

Go not with it beyond the road,
Into the April field;
The fingers now that you defend
Will hold another shield,

A flawless mirror to the flowers;
But you will look, and only
See a common stalk standing
Blown upon and lonely.

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Drawing an analogy from Constitutional history, Mr. Lunt sees significant straws in the wind

The Rising Tide of Prohibition Repeal

BY DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT

"In a government by the people everything must yield sooner or later to the will of the majority."—*Henry Cabot Lodge, Introduction to the "Federalist."*

RECENTLY the press has teemed with accounts of the hearings before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives on a great national issue. This is the first time in over ten years that public cognizance of that issue has been taken by a Congressional Committee in open session. Nevertheless during the decade of noble experimentation there has accumulated behind closed doors considerable material for the consideration of judiciary committees. An examination of the resolutions that have been so referred discloses some startling indications. In the light of the history of the existing amendments to the Constitution they reflect clearly a definite trend toward the early possibility of a popular adjudication of this issue in the form of the proposal for ratification of an amendment of our organic law.

The Eighteenth Amendment became a part of the Constitution upon the 16th day of January, 1919. In every year since that time save 1920 there have been introduced in Congress one or more amendments designed to effect either its repeal or a substantial modification of its purview. At the present time their total is forty-four. This is four more than were introduced in a similar period during the crusade to write national prohibition into our organic law. In point of fact it is a larger number than those offered from 1900 to 1917, when that amendment was finally proposed to the States for ratification. The straws are definitely in the wind.

The process by which our organic law may be formally amended has been neatly termed a safety-valve for the escape of public opinion. An examination of the history of the proposals of the existing amendments discloses three indicative conditions. These amendments have ordinarily been the result of wide-spread popular agitation over a considerable period of time. These upheavals have taken place at definite stages in our history. And finally the amendments introduced in Congress are an index to the course and intensity of the movement. The curve of the rising tide may in some degree be plotted.

Article V, wherein the amending process is outlined, is the shortest article save one in the Constitution. Within the

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confines of less than a hundred words is the solution of one of the most difficult problems that confronted the Federal Convention. That problem was to carve out a procedure which would secure to the document the degree of stability necessary to its existence and yet which would permit of its alteration when the unforeseeable exigencies of the future so demanded. The idea of the provision for the amendment of a once-written constitution is purely American. Its first appearance was in the Pennsylvania Frame of Government in 1683.

Two modes exist by which amendments may be formally proposed. With one everybody is familiar. Congress by a two-thirds vote of both Houses may propose an amendment. This is known as the "legislative" mode. Action thereunder rests in the discretion of Congress. The other method is termed the "convention" mode. It is initiated by the State legislatures. They may make applications to Congress to call a convention which shall propose amendments. When two-thirds of the State legislatures have so acted, Congress no longer has any discretion in the matter. A convention must be called.

The proposal is but half the process. The amendment becomes effective only upon ratification "by the Legislatures of three fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three fourths thereof, as the one or the other Mode of Ratification may be proposed by the Congress." Thus the manner of ratification likewise lies in the discretion of Congress.

It is a curious thing that the States have not utilized the convention mode more frequently. It has been almost universally employed in the revision of State constitutions. The Federal Constitution itself came into being by a series of steps which is precisely analogous to that method. That applications for conventions were anticipated at the time is apparent from the language of Alexander Hamilton. In discussing Article V in the Federalist papers he said: "We may safely rely on the disposition of the State legislatures to erect barriers against the encroachments of the national authority."

This opinion may well have been founded upon the action of several of the State conventions called for the purpose of ratification of the Constitution. The fact that that document contained no Bill of Rights underlay the strong opposition to its adoption. In the majority of the conventions the issue—shall the Constitution be ratified?—resolved itself into the further question as to whether it should be accepted with precedent or with subsequent amendments. Under the leadership of John Hancock, the Massachusetts convention had been the first to go on record with a ratification coupled with the proposal of specific amendments. The conventions in other States took similar action. The amendments thus proposed reached a total of one hundred and twenty-four. Moreover, the First Congress had been sitting less than a month when there were presented to it the resolutions of the legislatures of New York and Virginia, which made applications for a convention. Thereafter James Madison offered the resolutions which were ultimately embodied in the first ten amendments which are popularly known as the Bill of Rights.

A decision of the Supreme Court gave rise to the next amendment. In Chisholm *vs.* Georgia, that body held that a State might be sued by a citizen of another State. Two days after that decision was handed down an amendment which denied this exercise of the judicial power was introduced in the Senate. Similar amendments had been urged in the

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First Congress and during the Rhode Island Convention. After the decision resolutions embodying a demand for the change appeared from three of the States. The amendment as it stands was proposed by Congress in 1794 and ratified in 1798. Soon thereafter the Jefferson-Burr embroilment in the presidential election of 1800 gave cause for the Twelfth Amendment. Preceding its final proposal there are of record fifteen resolutions, seven of which were made in the halls of Congress and the remainder appear in resolutions of State legislatures presented to that body.

Then for sixty years the Constitution remained without formal alteration. The history of the Reconstruction Amendments is well known. Suffice it to say in this regard that the precedent attempts both in the legislative and the convention mode number well into the hundreds. After these came another lapse of forty-three years.

It is from the experience that lies in back of the adoption of the last four amendments that there may be gathered the data that is indicative with reference to the agitation for the repeal of the great American Thou Shalt Not. They were adopted within the confines of the decade between 1910 and 1920. And with the exception of the Seventeenth the popular demand for the change dates back less than a generation from the present time. Moreover, they have all been subject to the ratification of three-fourths of forty-eight States and amid conditions akin to those which now exist. Neither of these factors pertain to a consideration of the earlier amendments.

Commentators upon the amending process have usually been impressed with the difficulties attendant upon the successful operation of this constitutional procedure. The computation of the numbers of the obstinate minority who may enslave their clamoring brethren is a frequent and unenlightening tabulation. In discussing the Reconstruction Amendments Professor Dicey has remarked that "nothing short of impending revolution" would be effective to bring about further amendment. Woodrow Wilson used similar language when he said that "no impulse short of the impulse of self-preservation, no force less than the force of revolution, can nowadays be expected to move the cumbrous machinery in Article V." Let it be noted that these remarks were made before the militant minorities in favor of national prohibition and women's suffrage had demonstrated how the legislative mode might be utilized for the expression of their desires.

Women's suffrage takes first place. The first resolution relative thereto was introduced in Congress in 1866 by Mr. Brooks of New York. Three years later two national organizations, the National Women's Suffrage Association and the American Women's Suffrage Association, came into being, and in that year, 1869, four resolutions were presented in Congress. A hiatus occurred between 1872 and 1878, but from that time until 1911 from one to four such propositions were introduced during each Congress. Then coincident with the spread of the movement in the States the numbers began to rise, reaching a total of twenty-four proposals during the Sixty-fifth Congress. The amendment was finally proposed by Congress in the first session of the next Congress on June 5, 1919. All told, a total of one hundred and eighteen attempts had been made.

Although the movement for local prohibitory legislation dates from the late forties, national prohibition in the shape of a constitutional mandate was

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not urged until 1876. A Mr. Blair, of New Hampshire, sponsored the first idea for a noble experiment. The subsequent attempts were extremely sporadic until 1913, there having been offered up to that time but nineteen resolutions. Doubtless the work in the field kept such organizations as the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League thoroughly occupied. It was Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Spanish-War and the sinking-of-the-*Merrimac* fame, who started the ball rolling with his resolution on December 4, 1911. Prior to that time there had been but one other resolution until one searches back of the turn of the century. Hobson kept his ball rolling. During the next Congress, the Sixty-third, fourteen such resolutions were introduced and he sponsored nine of them. The ensuing two terms of Congress show eleven and thirteen attempts before the Prohibition Amendment was finally proposed on December 17, 1917. A total of fifty-seven attempts had been made.

Preceding the final proposal of the Sixteenth Amendment the four terms of Congress, from the Fifty-eighth to the Sixty-first inclusive, saw three, three, seven, and six resolutions relative to income taxation respectively. With respect to the popular election of senators embodied in the Seventeenth Amendment, the analogous figures run from eight to thirteen and then thirteen to eighteen. Furthermore, in contradistinction to the Eighteenth Amendment, one or more resolutions proposing the other three changes were offered yearly with negligible exceptions from 1900 on. A comparison of these figures lends color to the assertion that the Prohibition Amendment resulted from a wave of hysteria abetted by able political management.

In the history of the agitation against what the French are pleased to call the "régime sec," the record discloses several indicative facts. The first of the forty-four proposals was made by Mr. Hill of New York. His resolution, which involved direct repeal, was introduced on May 19, 1919. This was just over four month after ratification. Before the amendment became effective in 1920, two other resolutions appeared. These three make the total in the Sixty-sixth Congress. The next two terms of Congress saw the same number introduced in each. Then the figure leaps. There were twelve in the Sixty-ninth and fourteen in the Seventieth Congress. During the current Congress there have been nine resolutions brought forward. Assuredly, the tide is rising.

These various proposals lend themselves to a general classification. Direct repeal takes the lead with a total of fourteen resolutions. Then come ten involving referendum on either the entire question or the legalization of beers and wines. There have been six the effect of which would be to make State legislation supreme; five define alcoholic content, or, what is tantamount to the same thing in view of the figures prescribed, legalize wines and beers; four purport to regulate rather than prohibit, both with and without local option; and three look to the establishment of a dispensary system. The purpose of the remaining two has eluded investigation. Certainly, here is plenty of material for judiciary committees to ponder.

These proposals have all been made pursuant to the legislative mode. What of that direct action on the part of the States which proved so effective in the establishment of the Bill of Rights? The legislature of Wisconsin alone has acted. Last year its application for a constitutional convention was laid before the Senate twice and before the House

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once. It was received without comment and then achieved the dubious publicity of the columns of *The Congressional Record*.

In interesting contrast is the action of the First Congress when the first of such applications came before it in 1789. It was presented with a resolution that it be referred to the Committee of the Whole. A debate ensued on the question of the propriety of referring such a matter to any committee. Madison arose and made the point that so to do "would seem to imply that the House had a right to deliberate upon the subject," which he conceived did not exist in any event. He then pointed out that it was beyond the power of Congress to decline complying once applications had been received from two-thirds of the State legislatures. Guided by these remarks, the House ordered that the application be entered at large on the journals and the original be deposited in the archives of Congress and carefully preserved.

An application similar to these arose out of a popular referendum held in Nevada in 1926. It is extremely doubtful if this manner of proceeding fits into the four corners of the requirements of Article V according to a decision of the Supreme Court. In Hawke *vs.* Smith, which was decided in 1920, it was held that an amendment to the Constitution could not be validly ratified by the use of the referendum. In view of this decision it is difficult to regard the Nevada application as anything more than a mere expression of popular opinion. The friends of the cause might well give heed to this angle of the problem which is presented by the convention mode. At the time that the Seventeenth Amendment was finally proposed by the Sixty-second Congress there were before that body applications for a constitutional convention from the legislatures of twenty-nine States, all of which had been presented pursuant to the express terms of Article V. Applications from three more States would have removed the issue from the halls of Congress into the hands of a Constitutional Convention. The effect of this Damocletian sword must have been powerful.

It is not to be denied that attempts have been made to repeal other amendments. However, apart from the Twelfth Amendment, which would inevitably be altered by almost any proposed scheme as to presidential elections, the efforts have been either sporadic or distinctly sectional. The repeal of that portion of the Fourteenth Amendment which calls for decreased representation in Congress when suffrage rights are denied has been sought by Southern members of Congress. Likewise their resolutions have been aimed at the Fifteenth Amendment. The majority of these attempts were made by one senator and two representatives, all of whom represented Southern States. This is in direct contrast to the current agitation. The forty-four resolutions have been sponsored by three senators and twenty-one members of the House of Representatives. The States represented by these gentlemen range from Massachusetts to Missouri and from Michigan to Maryland. They are ten in number. If there be included those in which the voice of the opposition has been effectively voiced by the method of referenda, the total rises to fourteen.

Believe it or not, as suits your sentiment, the record contains definite indications of an early conclusion. The time is approaching when this issue of *nunc est bibendum* will, in the homely phraseology of the trial lawyer, go to the country in the form of a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the

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United States. And when and if this comes to pass the most certain method of ascertaining the will of the majority of the people on such a question is provided for in Article V. And that is to say by ratification by conventions in the several States. This has been proposed by two of the resolutions now pending in Congress. An undefiled reaction would be the result for the very simple reason that the delegates to such conventions would be elected directly by the people in the various States with reference to a single and explicit issue.

Resolutions introduced in Congress relative to the following amendments since December 4, 1899:

CONGRESS	16	17	18	19	REPEAL OF 18TH
Fifty-sixth	12	10	0	2	
Fifty-seventh	5	9	0	3	
Fifty-eighth	3	5	0	2	
Fifty-ninth	3	8	0	1	
Sixtieth	7	13	1	2	
Sixty-first	6	13	0	3	
Sixty-second		18	1	7	
Sixty-third			14	9	
Sixty-fourth			11	11	
Sixty-fifth			13	24	
Sixty-sixth				13	3
Sixty-seventh					3
Sixty-eighth					3
Sixty-ninth					12
Seventieth					14
Seventy-first—Current Congress to March 15, 1930					9

Tranquillity

By John Frazier Vance

Oh, man will live
A tempered life:
He'll build a house,
And take a wife,

Get him children,
Get him gold—
Get possessions
Manifold.

Sleek he'll be,
And quite secure,
And charitable
To the poor.

Friends will put,
When he is dead,
A granite marker
At his head.

And he will lie
Serene below,
For how—poor devil—
Can he know

What is now
Too late to learn:
Life is but
A torch to burn.

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Presenting for the first time in a general magazine the work of one of the most talented of the new American writers. His milieu is the New England of to-day.

Two Stories

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

A Very Late Spring

MARY JANE knew Dave was up to some kind of mischief, but to save her soul she could not find out what it was. Dave had been acting queerly for more than a month. He was nervous and restless when he came in the house and she had a hard time making him finish his meals. Dave said he was just not hungry, but Mary Jane knew that was not the real reason. He was up to some kind of mischief.

Dave blamed it all on the weather. Here it was the last of April and almost the first of May, he said, and it was still winter. There should have been a thaw three or four weeks ago, but instead there were nineteen inches of snow and ice on the ground and the thermometers never went above the twenties. And it looked like more snow right then.

Mary Jane reminded him of the winter three years before when the spring thaw did not come until the first week in May. She said she was certain the lake ice would break up almost any day.

Mary Jane could not see how the weather had anything to do with the way he was acting.

Instead of getting over his restlessness Dave got worse. When he came home at night after working all day in the lumber-mill he wanted to go out again before he finished eating supper. There was a dance at the Grange hall every Tuesday night, and the moving pictures every Friday night, but there was no place to go during the rest of the week. Mary Jane went to the pictures on Friday nights and to the dance whenever there was one, and the other evenings she was in the habit of staying at home and doing her lace work. Dave wanted to go somewhere every night now.

"Why can't you sit by the fire and read the newspaper like you used to do, Dave?" she asked with her worried frown that he had once liked so much.

"I want to go somewhere," was his answer. It was the same answer each time she asked him.

She placed supper on the table and Dave sat down in his chair.

"You act like a twelve-year-old boy, Dave," she stated accusingly. "You used to want to stay at home when I wanted to go to the dance or the pictures at the Grange hall. Now you want to go off and leave me by myself every night. What makes you so restless lately?"

"Maybe the winters are getting worse," he mumbled to himself. "I wish

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I lived out in California or down in Florida, where they don't have to put up with snow and ice half the whole year."

Mary Jane gave up trying to talk to Dave. Every time she asked him what made him so restless at night he always cursed the winters and said he was going where there were none. It did no good to try to talk to him. Dave did not pay any attention to her. He was always thinking about something else.

Two days later there was a four-inch snowfall. It began snowing about eight o'clock in the morning just after Dave went to the lumber-yard. By six o'clock that night it had almost stopped, but there were four inches of it on the ground—on top of the nineteen inches already there.

Mary Jane waited all day for night to come. Not because she wanted it to come, but because she dreaded it more than anything in the world. She knew Dave would come home cursing the winters and snow. And then before he was half-way through supper he would get up and want to go somewhere. She knew exactly what he would say about it.

Just as she knew he would do, that evening Dave stopped eating in the middle of his meal and got up from the table. She watched him go to the next room for his hat and put on his mackinaw. Then he went to the hall and put on his heavy shoes. When he did that she could stand it no longer. She ran to him.

"Where are you going, Dave?"

"I'm going out to walk around awhile," he said nervously. "I'm going out. I'll be back after awhile."

Dave went out the door and closed it behind him. She could hear the crunch of the snow under his feet while he walked down the path to the road. When he got there the sound stopped. She knew he was walking in the deep snow and cursing about the winters.

After the dishes had been washed and the kitchen put in order Mary Jane went to the next room and sat down in front of the fire. She had been doing a lot of thinking for the past two weeks or more, and the more she thought the more uneasy she became. There was something that disturbed her. She could not help thinking about it because every time Dave got restless and went out it made her think about it all the more.

She had been doing a lot of thinking lately about the school-teacher the Maxwells were boarding. The teacher had been living there all winter, but Mary Jane had not seen her until about the middle of January. The girl was too young to teach school and she was too pretty to live in the village. Her name was Flora Dunn. She remembered when Dave told her. He said she was not much more than seventeen or nineteen years old. That was all he said about her, but ever since then Mary Jane had been thinking a lot. The teacher who was there the year before had been asked not to come back because she put too much coloring on her face. The Dunn girl was not like that. She was so young she was pretty without coloring.

Mary Jane suddenly sprang up and put on all her heavy clothes and went to the barn and hitched the horse to the sleigh. When that was done she carefully took off all the harness bells. She had enough to distract her without hearing a lot of tinkling little bells on the horse. And besides, she did not want the bells on to-night, anyway. She took the bells off and laid them on the carriage seat.

She drove down the road past the Maxwells' house. Then she drove up and down in front of the house six or seven times. She stopped by a tree the last time

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and hitched the horse to it. After that she walked up and down the road to keep warm.

After waiting twenty minutes in the road Mary Jane saw Flora go up-stairs to bed and turn out the light. In two minutes a figure came from the house and through the snow to the road. Mary Jane knew it was Flora. She was certain of that.

While she waited beside the horse and sleigh Flora crossed the road and went down the hillside toward the cannery at the lake. Mary Jane followed her across the snow. There was no moon visible, but the clouds were so thin the moon gave enough light to enable her to follow Flora.

When Flora reached the cannery she opened the unlocked door and went inside for a few minutes. Then she came back and stood in the doorway, looking out over the lake as though she expected somebody to come across the ice.

Mary Jane waited beside a tree. Presently she could hear a low whistle out on the lake somewhere, and almost instantly followed an answering whistle from Flora. Mary Jane waited. She knew it was Dave walking across the ice on the lake. And she knew he was coming to the cannery.

Dave came across the ice and went up the steps to the cannery door. Flora stepped back inside just as he came up, and Mary Jane could not see what they were doing. She lost no time in getting to the cannery. Then cautiously she went up the steps. The door had been closed but not locked. She opened it easily without a sound. Dave and the girl had lighted a candle and put it on the peeling-table. The light it gave was not strong enough to see everywhere inside, but she could easily distinguish Dave and the girl. They were whispering together in the corner behind the boiling-tubs.

Mary Jane slammed the door and reached for a piece of rope she saw hanging on the wall.

"Who is that?" she heard Dave's anxious voice.

Flora screamed.

Mary Jane ran across the cannery floor to the corner. She slashed Dave's face with the rope and struck Flora around her legs.

"For God's sake, Mary Jane," Dave pleaded, when he recognized her face in the candle-light. "Mary Jane, please don't do that!"

"So you got tired of waiting for winter to pass, didn't you?" she shouted at him. "The winter made you restless, didn't it?"

She stung him again and again with the rope across his face and shoulders. She did not hit Flora again.

Flora clung to Dave's arm and would not leave him. Mary Jane got more angry when she saw Flora hanging onto Dave. She drew back to strike the girl, but Dave jerked the rope from her hand.

"What's the matter with you, Mary Jane?" he shouted. "You stop trying to hurt her!"

"You shut your mouth, Dave! I'm going to teach her a lesson so she'll never bother a married man again as long as she lives!"

Dave caught her arms and held her. As soon as he touched Mary Jane she relaxed and almost fell to the floor.

"If you'll promise not to see Dave again I won't tell on you," she said to Flora. "But if you don't promise I'll take both of you up to the house and tell the Maxwells exactly where you were and what you were doing. If I did that you'd have to leave your school to-morrow—and anyway you'll have better sense than to apply for this same school again next year, won't you?"

"I promise," Flora begged. "I prom-

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ise I won't see him again! Please don't tell Mr. Maxwell, or anybody!"

"Well, we're going home now," Mary Jane said. "Come on."

They walked up the hill to the road. Dave walked in front, Mary Jane behind him, and Flora last. When they reached the road Flora ran to the house without looking back.

"Come on home, Dave," Mary Jane said.

She led him to the horse and sleigh.

Neither said a word while they rode through the village. At the barn Dave unhitched the horse while Mary Jane went in the house.

When Dave came in the room Mary Jane was looking at something in the almanac. Dave pretended not to be interested in what she was doing.

"Dave," Mary Jane said, handing him the almanac opened at the month of April. "Dave, the almanac says there's going to be a big spring thaw in northern New England beginning the 20th—and to-morrow's the 20th. Did you know that?"

"Where does it say that?" he asked anxiously, taking the almanac and holding it so the light could fall on the print. "Does it say we're going to have the spring thaw to-morrow, sure enough?"

The Mating of Marjorie

He was coming . . . he was coming . . . God bless him! he was coming to marry her . . . coming all the way from Minnesota!

Trembling, breathless, Marjorie read the letter again and again, holding it desperately in the ten fingers of her hands. Then at last, her eyes so blurred she could no longer see the handwriting, she placed the letter against the bareness of her breasts where she could breathe into it all the happiness of her heart. All the way from Minnesota he was coming . . . coming all that great distance to marry her!

The letter's every word, every mark of careless punctuation, was burned unerasably on her memory. The thought of the letter was like a poem running through her—like the chill of sudden warmth—fragments of lines repeating themselves like the roar in a furnace-pipe.

His letter was not a proposal of marriage, but he did say he liked the way she looked in the picture she sent him. And why would he be coming all the way from Minnesota if he did not intend asking her to be his wife? Surely he wanted her.

Marjorie had a picture of him, too. She could actually feel the untiring strength of the lean muscles stretching over his face to the chin. Her fingers stole over his face excitedly, filling her with passion for the man with whom she would mate. He was a strong man. He would do with her as he pleased.

Surely he would like her. He was a mature man, and men who are mature seek beauty of soul and body when they marry. Marjorie was beautiful. Her beauty was her youth and charm. He wrote Marjorie that her eyes and her face and her hair were the loveliest he had ever seen. And her body was beautiful, too. He would see that when he came. Her slender limbs were cool and firm like the young pine trees in winter. Her heart was warm and eager. He would like her—surely he would.

Should she please him, and should he

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want her, and naturally he would when he saw her, Marjorie would give him her soul. Her soul would be her greatest gift to him. First she would give him her love, then her body, and at last her soul. No one had ever possessed her soul. But neither had her body or love been possessed.

He had written frankly in all his letters. He said he wanted a wife. It was lonely, he said, living alone in Minnesota. Marjorie was lonesome, too. She had lived the long five years since her mother's death alone. She understood. She had always been lonesome.

Marjorie was ready for love. She was twenty-four. Her arms and legs were cool and firm like the young pine trees in winter. Her breasts and lips were warm and soft, and her breath was like the November winds that blew across the lake through the pines and firs. Marjorie was ready for love. Her lips were soft and her body was firm.

Marjorie prepared a room for him and waited his coming. She laundered the linen sheets and pillow-cases three times. They were soft like her lips and the fibre was impregnated with the odor of pines like her breath. She dried the linen each time on the limbs of the fir trees and ironed them in the early morning while they were still damp with the pine-scented morning air.

The day of his coming Marjorie was awake long before the sun rose. The sun rose cool and swift.

Before laying out the new clothes she would wear for him, she ran to the room and patted the pillows and smoothed the coverlet for the last time. Then hurriedly she dressed and drove to the depot nineteen miles away.

He arrived on the noon train from Boston. He was much larger than she had expected him to be, and he was much more handsome than she had hoped.

"Are you Marjorie?" he asked huskily.

"Yes," Marjorie answered eagerly. "I am Marjorie. You are Nels?"

"Yes," he smiled. "I am Nels."

Marjorie led Nels to the automobile. They got in and drove away. Nels was a silent man, speaking crisply and infrequently. He looked at Marjorie all the time. He looked at her hands and face intently. She was nervous and self-conscious under his uncommitting scrutiny. After they had gone several miles he placed his arm across the back of the seat. Only once or twice did Marjorie feel his arm. The bumpy roads tossed them both as the car sped across country. Nels's arms were as strong and muscular as a woodsman's.

Late that afternoon Marjorie and Nels walked down through the wood to the lake. There was a cold, icy wind out of the northeast and the lake rose and tossed as if a storm were upon it. While they stood on a boulder at the lakeside watching the waves a sudden gust of wind threw her against his shoulder. Nels braced her with his steel-like arms and jumped to the ground. Later she showed Nels the ice-house and pointed out to him the shed where the boats were stored in winter. Then they walked home through the pines and firs.

While Marjorie prepared supper, Nels sat in the parlor smoking his pipe. Several times Marjorie ran to the open door for a hurried glimpse of the man she was to marry. The only motion about him was the steady flow of tobacco-smoke boiling from the bowl of his pipe. When the meal was ready, Marjorie quickly changed her dress and called Nels. Nels enjoyed the meal before him. He liked the way she had pre-

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pared the fish. Her skin was so hot she could not bear to press her knees together. Nels ate with full appetite.

After Marjorie had hastily carried the dishes to the kitchen, she again changed her dress and went into the room where Nels sat by the fireplace.They sat in silence until she brought him the album and showed him the pictures. He looked at them silently.

All through the evening she sat hoping he would soon take her in his arms and kiss her. He would later, of course, but she wanted now to be in his arms. He did not look at her.

At ten-thirty Nels said he would like to go to bed. Marjorie jumped up and ran to his room. She turned back the pine-scented covers and smoothed the pillows. Bending over the bed, she laid her flushed cheeks against the cool soft linen. Suppose she should hide in the bed and Nels found her there—what would happen? Tearing herself away, she went back into the room where Nels sat silently by the fire.

After Nels had gone to his room and closed the door behind him Marjorie went to her own bedroom. She sat down in a rocking-chair and looked down upon the lake. It was after midnight when she got up and undressed. Just before retiring she tiptoed to the door of Nels's room. She stood there several minutes listening intently. Her fingers touched the door softly. He did not hear her. He was asleep.

Marjorie was awake at five. Nels came into the kitchen at seven while she prepared breakfast. He was freshly clean, and under his loose tweed suit she all but felt the great strength of his body.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, Nels," she greeted him eagerly.

After breakfast they sat in the parlor while Nels smoked his pipe. When he finished smoking he stood up before the fireplace. He took out his watch and glanced at the time. Marjorie sat hushed behind him.

"What time does the train go to Boston?" he asked.

With stilled breath she told him.

"Will you take me to the train?" he asked her.

She said she would.

Marjorie immediately went into the kitchen and leaned heavily against the table. Nels remained in the parlor refilling his pipe. Marjorie ran toward the parlor several times, but each time she turned back when she reached the door. She wanted to ask Nels if he were coming back. She picked up a plate and it crashed to the floor. It was the first piece of china she had broken since the morning of her mother's death. Trembling, she put on her hat and coat. Of course he was coming back! How foolish it was to think he would not! He was probably going to Boston to get some presents for her. He would come back—of course he would!

When they reached the depot, Nels held out his hand. She placed her hand in his. It was the first time his skin had touched her skin.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by, Nels," she smiled at him. "I hope you enjoyed your visit."

Nels picked up his travelling-bag and started toward the waiting-room.

Marjorie's arms and legs had the numbness of death in them. She started the motor uncertainly. He had not said he would come back!

"Nels!" she cried desperately, gripping the automobile with bloodless fingers.

Nels stopped and turned around facing her.

"Nels, you are welcome to come back any time you want to," she begged unashamed.

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"Thank you," he replied briefly; "but I'm going home to Minnesota and I'll not be back again."

"What!" she cried, her lips quivering so violently she could barely make them speak for her. "Where are you going?"

"To Minnesota," he replied in a phrase.

Marjorie drove home as fast as her car would take her there. As soon as she reached the house she ran to Nels's room.

In Nels's room Marjorie stood by the side of the bed and looked at the crumpled sheets and pillows with tear-blinded eyes. With a sob she tore off her clothes and threw herself between the sheets where Nels's body had lain. In her arms she hugged the pillows and dampened them with her tears. She could feel his body against hers. She kissed his face and held her lips for him to kiss.

It was night when she got up from the bed. The sun had gone down and the day was over. Only the cool clear twilight was left to shadow the room.

Throwing a blanket around her shoulders Marjorie jerked the sheets and pillow-cases from the bed and ran blindly to her own room. She opened the cedar chest and carefully folded the crumpled sheets and pillow-cases. She laid the linen in the chest and dragged it across the room.

Marjorie turned out the light and lay down between the sheets of her own bed.

"Good night, Nels," she whispered softly, her fingers touching the smooth lid of the cedar chest at her side.

This Frailer Wound

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

Absence is the tomb
From which incredibly you rise, and here
Incarnate, reappear
Within the four walls of this room.

Sharper than frost
Your beauty is etched upon my brain . . .
You come again,
Nothing is changed or lost.

I know that love, swifter than light, cuts deep;
It is a mortal wound I keep,
(But that was long ago . . . it does not pain).

Beneath the impalpable dust, the stealthy death
That wheeling seasons lift, let drift
Over the heart, nothing is changed. You are here again . . .
The blade strikes home and cuts only my breath.

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With the present extraordinary interest in abnormality there is danger that all forms of originality may be regarded as signs of perversion, to the detriment of countless innocent persons. How can we best meet a situation which threatens to lead us to a new witchcraft hunt? An honest statement of a serious problem which must be faced.

Demoniac Possession

BY JUANITA TANNER

It must have been hard, in the days of witchcraft, to be a person of originality. Witches as a rule were surely ignorant or insane old women, no wiser than their accusers. But it is easy to imagine the dread suggestion of a broomstick arising at any exhibition of out-of-the-ordinary intelligence or even independence of action.

For the horror of witchcraft lay in its being something that was popularly believed in but not popularly understood. Witchcraft might be anything and anything might be witchcraft; all that was known of it was that it was evil.

We have outgrown belief in witchcraft as such. But the horror of an unknown evil has reappeared among us; has even—oddly enough in New England—reached the authorities who keep watch and ward over public virtue, has inspired the bandying about of forbidden books and the even wider circulation of alarmed whispers.

When the first suggestion of witchcraft appeared it was no doubt the part of common sense to laugh it off, but when it persisted it became the task of sensible people to reason it out of existence. And so with the modern terror of what is referred to with bated breath as perversion or homosexuality. Once it too might be safely disregarded by intelligent people. But the situation is changing.

Some time ago an American woman who had been educated abroad illustrated her objection to foreign schools by a story of her own school days in France. She had, it seems, been through a distressing experience culminating in the death of a friend, and was not unnaturally in a state of nervous disquiet. Another girl, out of decent human sympathy, spent the night with her; only to have Madame the head of the school burst in with dire threats of disgrace and expulsion at the breaking of a rule which forbade even sisters to occupy the same room.

To American ears the story of this hullabaloo seems, or did seem, wellnigh incredible. To us the idea of accusing two innocent schoolgirls of misconduct under the circumstances is appalling. We feel, and rightly, that the evil lies in its suggestion; it is in the mind of the schoolmistress that we see perversion. And we may plume ourselves that we are not as other countries in these matters, remembering old-fashioned American boarding schools where double rooms and even double beds were an experience held uncomfortable and inconvenient but otherwise quite harmless. But we are not quite as we were.

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Last winter a New York public-school teacher was describing to a group of women friends her efforts to tell a story to her class. "I tried," she said, "to get through without once using the word fairy, but I simply couldn't manage to avoid it entirely."

Another woman with an executive job permitting her to hire her own stenographer reported ruefully at a luncheon that she just knew she'd gone and hired "one of those queer ones." Asked why, she said in significant tones that the new addition to her staff wore a coat and blouse of masculine cut and had a low-pitched voice.

If the vocabulary of childhood is being corrupted and then Bowdlerized, if the apparel of industrial workers is criticised because of the same sort of fear that haunted the mind of the French schoolmistress, it seems we are not so immune as we might have hoped. Perhaps we are even at the point where, as with other fears which cannot be laughed off, the case must be reasoned out.

We fear perversion because we do not understand it; as with witchcraft, we have an uneasy feeling that it may be anything and anything strange may be perversion. While the ordinary mind may be willing enough to leave genuine abnormality to the experts and confine itself to gossip about its friends when they seem a little queer, it lacks the knowledge necessary even to make a clean distinction between the manners and the morals of the case.

Though psychology has pointed out a connection between incest and excessive parental affection, and though common sense teaches the connection between ordinary heterosexual immorality and excessive sex-consciousness, we are able in these instances to distinguish clearly enough between the act and the attitude. While a Behaviorist shudders at a mother's overfond caress of her son, the average person, even if conscious of the psychologist's attitude, feels no superstitious aversion. Even the moralist who detests immoral sex-intercourse usually tolerates a certain amount of ordinary love-making.

But the idea of perversion, old as it is in world-history, was news to many of this generation, and when enlightened by psychologists or by their friends who had "read psychology" or been to a lecture they believed the worst. "You've seen little girls walk with their arms twined around one another at recess? Well!" So one excited young lady bent on proving that "Perversion is all around us" illustrated her point. And so she and her sort apply to minor affections the term meant for more serious afflictions, exactly as if they whispered of the sentimental mother not "Silly smother-love" but "Ah! Incest!"

Ignorance breeds vulgar curiosity, and such curiosity as to physical details probably accounts for much of the normal person's abnormal interest in perversion. The cure in this case is obviously reading enough about the subject, in dispassionate scientific sources, to discover at least that the most unattractive aspects of perversion have not been unknown to oversexed "normality."

But exactly as only a small part of the danger of witchcraft was in the basic idea that a witch was a woman who had carnal communion with a physical devil, so the physical details of perversion are negligible in the present panic. The witch's hypothetical commerce with the devil was unimportant compared with the actual queerness of her mind, and the queerness of her mind was unimportant compared with the errors of her accusers.

In the case of perversion we are all

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subject to error until we learn the differences between genuine abnormality, causeless immorality and innocent divergence from the usual.

Cases of genuine abnormality are hardly described with fairness by the word perversion, which implies a more or less deliberate divergence; for those who have never been normal can hardly be said to turn from normality. They are more accurately described as inverts, if they are subject to sex-attraction in a sense opposite to its usual application, or as intermediates if they are actually independent of sex-attraction. It is difficult to understand why they should be the object of any particular fear or repulsion merely because they are not numerous. Indeed, shrinking from the "naturally" abnormal argues only one thing—that inversion is, after all, normal enough to be contagious.

It is in fact in the normal person that inversion becomes perversion in the sense of moral decadence. This is the variety mentioned by St. Paul in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, by whom, as by the Greeks in Plato's day, homosexuality seems to have been taken for granted as a natural form of immorality.

And indeed when we have called it disgustingly immoral we have after all failed to prove that it is worse than other forms of immorality which we are accustomed to regard more leniently. To the moralist along all lines it must appear one of the many human inconsistencies connected with sex-worship that sets this one evil, with incest, apart from all other evils.

From a standpoint of expediency, of course, perversion is less dangerous to the social order than other forms of sexual misconduct. No illegitimate offspring can be its result; and while a civilization in need of more population may condone illegitimacy, by the same token an overpopulated world must be grateful for sterility.

Horror of unfruitful forms of intercourse is, then, based on an unconscious conviction that the more familiar forms of immorality are somehow excused by "nature's plan." To this moral horror is added, if we argue on Freudian grounds, a lower physical horror that is one form of the normal pride in sexual normality. The primitive male is, to put it plainly, affronted by the thought that one female can find pleasure in another female, and vice versa. To such childish physical prejudice must be traced hysterical condemnation of perversion on grounds that do not include other forms of immorality as well.

But one thing is clear, that confusion of moral decadence in the "normal" with native divergence in the "abnormal" is inexcusably unfair to the latter. Another error is even worse: the tendency to classify in either the immoral or the abnormal group persons who differ from the ordinary in tastes and convictions, even in appearance and manner, without diverging in the least from common morality.

Such persons are more apt to resemble the truly abnormal invert or intermediate than the merely immoral pervert. To choose a fictional example, any modern woman reader of "The Well of Loneliness" is bound to feel, throughout the beginning of the book, a sympathetic kinship with the heroine in her struggle against feminine limitations. What enterprising small girl, in the days when boys and girls were not dressed alike, failed to dress up in boy's clothes and pray to be mistaken for one of the young lords of creation? What imaginative child of either sex has not felt, at an early age, an almost idolatrous affection for a probably unworthy ob-

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ject, not uncommonly a servant of the same sex?

The fact is of course that attraction between people of the same sex is exactly as harmless as any other sort of attraction, physical extremes being the danger in any case. During certain phases of our lives it is "natural" for us to prefer those physically like ourselves; rather, it is as "natural" as anything can be in a world which begins impressing artificial conventions upon us at birth. The thing that is really natural is for people, as human rather than as sexual beings, to like one another. But liking must naturally follow lines of least resistance; when barriers are put up it must flow around or over them. During the process of growing up any child meets innumerable such barriers affecting his or her intercourse with sexual opposites. The natural thing then becomes association with one's fellows.

Normally we believe that when maturity is reached the individual disposition to liking will be strong enough to overcome all the sex barriers where at least one person is concerned; in fact the nice problem of a civilization bent on monogamy has been to erect just enough barriers to make a good corral. Normal attack on the barriers is courtship, their final breaking is marriage; and grown-up persons who are halted too long by them we consider somehow lacking or queer.

This may be true. On the other hand we have to consider two other possibilities, first that the barriers in any given case may have been made unusually high, and second that certain individuals may find their greatest usefulness in their own sex-group.

Cases where the barriers are high include those in which "only" children or persons with some native awkwardness —not abnormality—find themselves unable to adjust themselves to common customs. An aversion to mankind traceable to a drunken father, a distaste for marriage due to early intimate observation of the pains of childbirth, or self-consciousness due to a defect in speech or a private conviction of ugliness, these are out-of-the-ordinary handicaps which quite naturally result in out-of-the-ordinary awkwardness in social competition. Paradoxically, the person who was not a little queer when so handicapped would be queer.

But must we add to the self-consciousness that seeks relatively easy social relationships with the same sex a fear of abnormality that may prove the last straw?

Then there are the useful pioneers. The heroine of "The Unlit Lamp" was no better liked by the neighbors than Stephen Gordon in "The Well of Loneliness," and American reviewers who read Miss Hall's books in reverse order saw perversion in both of them. To an innocent mind, however, Joan is only a pioneer in preferring short hair and tailored clothes.

Pioneers, of one type at least, are people whose minds and sympathies grow faster than their bodies, who are thus able to disregard ordinary stages of progress, and who often find their sympathies engaged by their fellows before they reach the heterosexual stage of normal maturity. They therefore find legitimate enough vocations in working with their own sex; of such are the medical missionaries, the social service workers, the suffrage and birth control advocates, the labor and prison reformers.

It is true enough that pioneers in reform, being made reformers by their own supersensitiveness, are apt to be a little queer. The normal critic's mistake is in diagnosing the queerness only in

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those sexual terms with which he happens to be familiar. Minds which are themselves in the possessive case find it hard to allow to others the nominative of independence; if the genitive of normality be refused they insist upon the accusative of guilt.

A shining example of this error was seen in the reception accorded a play recently produced in New York by an experimental group. Because it faithfully presented the woman reformer as she too frequently is—a bundle of nervous energy overstating her case, trying to influence her lethargic sisters against their will, boasting a little of her ability to "do things as well as a man"—blasé theatregoers dismissed the play as dealing, though (this was the damnation that hurt) not dealing "frankly" enough, with perversion. If "Winter Bound" actually had dealt with perversion in the fascinatingly mysterious, hopelessly emotional, bunch-of-Parma-violets manner of "The Captive" it might have succeeded. Because it dealt with the intellectual passions of a reformer unable to cope with misunderstanding on both sides of the footlights, it was a financial failure.

Another reformer along sexual lines, an Austrian youth named Weininger, wrote around the beginning of this century a book called "Sex and Character" which is one of the most interesting contributions ever made to the literature of sex-emancipation. It was in fact the first book to point out in detail that there is so much of man in the worst of us women, and so much of woman in the best of us men, that it little behooves the best of us to talk about the worst of us. Weininger was, to be sure, a little crazy in that he attempted to distinguish between masculine and feminine characteristics through the simple process of calling all the virtues male and all the vices female. But it is not justly outraged feminists who have condemned Weininger most bitterly, and he is not condemned for his male egotism but for quite another reason. He proposed to abolish sex; that is, having identified feminine frailty with sexuality, he urged upon humanity dissociation from all feminine or sexual failings, and a stand for individual independence. In this proposal he made no argument for homosexual relations, he merely argued against ordinary sexuality. The sum total of his argument is thus rigidly ascetic. Nevertheless the New York Public Library, which freely circulates books arguing for the ordinary forms of immorality, righteously secludes Weininger and demands of the would-be reader a strict account of his business with such a vicious volume.

Are saint and sinner, alike in deviating from accepted standards, always to be tarred with the same brush? Fear of witchcraft in any age says yes. Modern psychology hesitates when it does not say yes too. But common sense says no.

Certainly if we are to distinguish between the sinner and the saint we must find some way to distinguish between the former's physical attachments and the latter's concern for the welfare of humanity. But fortunately there is a way to make this distinction without prying into the physical details of any one's life. The harmful, the dangerous, the demoniac variety of love has been well named by those who called it possession.

True, believers in demons held that the demon possessed the sinner, while we are inclined to say that the sinner's instinct for possession is the demon. But at least we have the right word, the word that gives us a label for all relationships selfish enough to be dangerous.

Incest, perversion, ordinary hetero-

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sexual immorality are alike in being various manifestations of a childish case of the "gimmees." Lust is a desire for ownership. In fact of course the possessive lover is only possessed by his passion, since it is impossible for one human being actually to possess another. So it is that Œdipus loses Jocasta, Lesbia loses her captive, Don Juan loses his victim even if only by tiring of her, and all are victims together.

Indeed, just as the advocate of woman's rights is struck by a similarity between her early impulses and those of Stephen Gordon, so any one who has ever felt an impulse to possessive affection must acknowledge a kinship with her later struggles. To the invert the course of possessive love in normal lives may seem smooth enough, but the normal know better. To them "frustration" in all its nagging forms can hardly be news. How about the "normal" girl who, if she is to hope at all, must keep an unrequited affection well concealed? The "normal" man who must suppress, in decency, any inconvenient fondness for his friend's wife? Even the happily married who must, unless probabilities lie, face eventual separation by death?

The fact is that possessiveness is no picnic for any one. We only endure it because, except in the case of death, most of us are its victims not on a grand but on a minor scale. We do not murder our fathers for love of our mothers, we only make things difficult for our wives. We do not go in for general debauchery, we only acquire one or two unpleasant memories. So no doubt perversion provides a thousand relatively harmless "crushes" for one serious case.

The trouble is that just as not only immoral possessiveness but a moral though childish sex-consciousness operates against satisfactory friendships between men and women, so popular hysteria about homosexuality may prove an embarrassment to common friendship within the same sex-groups.

It is in the ultimate reduction to absurdity of the whole matter of physical attraction that the reformer sees a hope of release. Classification of perversion with other immorality not as black sin but as supreme silliness may provide one solution for all concerned. Perhaps the real reason why the normal mind so revolts from abnormal attachment is a sneaking suspicion that all intense physical attraction is abnormal and perverse. When we are informed by psychology that sex-attraction governs not only the ancient man-and-woman relationship but the relations of friends in business, children in the nursery; when sexual symbols include flat-heeled oxfords, cigarettes and chewing-gum—

We have only two alternatives. One is to admit the accusation, have as much sex as possible, encourage children to marry in their 'teens, brand as an outcast any one so perverse as not to marry, and force polygamy or polyandry upon the married in order to equalize numerical differences.

The other course is to stop talking and thinking of sex as sex, now that the word has come to have such contradictory meanings, and talk more intelligibly of physical attraction and mental attainment. Then in time perhaps we shall come to outgrow, if not "sex," at least the attitude of possession that identifies us with our bodies. We shall, as a matter of course, bring up our children not so much not to touch as not to value touching so supremely. We shall think less of love as possession, more of it as a live-and-let-live kindness. And so at last we shall find our bodies not only less importunate but less important as handicaps to our real selves.

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RED REVOLUTION—In America and in Russia

How near is world revolution? The link between the Red riots in America and the Communist party in Russia is revealed in these two articles, written from special knowledge by expert observers. They make for a real understanding of the so-called Red menace and of the mentality and purposes of the Russian propagandists.

I. These Terrible Reds

BY MALCOLM LOGAN

WHAT are we going to do about the Communists? Numbers of earnest and worried citizens have been asking themselves this since the Reds in our midst began this year to get themselves into large, black newspaper head-lines. Indeed, the question was raised not long ago by William Z. Foster, the high priest of American Communism. The day before the Communist unemployment demonstrations in the United States and Europe on "Red Thursday," last March 6, Mr. Foster, unconsciously echoing a famous phrase of Boss Tweed, said:

"Charges have been made that this meeting to-morrow has been called by the Communist International in Russia. Well, it has—what are you going to do about it?"

Literally and painfully, the answer was cudgelled into the brains of the Communists and some innocent bystanders by the clubs of the policemen in a dozen cities. At Washington they said it with a tear-gas bomb, while with rare finesse the Baltimore police laughed it off, let the Communists parade, and made the whole affair appear considerably more ridiculous than sinister.

But this was not the end. Some prominent victims of *Communophobia* rediscovered the Red Menace and decided that we should do something very drastic about it. The most popular remedy for political radicalism is, of course, to send these malcontents "back where they came from." This course was suggested by the Chamber of Commerce of New York City. Representative Hamilton Fish proposed another popular panacea, a Congressional investigation. The Police Commissioner of New York compiled a blacklist of Communists and said that their employers had promised to discharge them and fill their places with unimpeachable patriots.

The method advocated by the mercantile fathers of New York was tried a decade ago when the Communists were seceding from the Socialist Party and Bolshevism seemed in a fair way of engulfing most of Europe. Attorney-General Mitchell Palmer, with a covetous eye on the Presidency, made the discovery that the country was confronted by "an increasingly dangerous radical situation." His agents and police began to round up suspected radicals. Before the epidemic of Red fever subsided, some 5,000 persons had been arrested, and 263 deported, including the famous shipload which sailed back to Russia on the "Soviet Ark," the transport *Buford*. When the Communists tried to

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hold a convention on a lonely sand dune in Michigan a spy betrayed them and they were arrested and tried for criminal syndicalism.

All this, however, did not stamp out Communism. The movement was forced underground, but in a few years it emerged stronger than ever. If the Inquisition and the various holy wars of Europe failed to extirpate heresy, how can our officials expect with their milder methods to destroy this Communism, which its followers have embraced with the fervor of religious conviction? And what can we do with those Communists who can't be deported because they happen to be American citizens? They have been prosecuted sporadically under the sedition laws which thirty-five States still enforce against Communists, but that has not deterred them. If we are going to use force, we shouldn't be half-hearted about it. We should go the whole way and execute them all against convenient walls some morning; or, as I heard a gentle lady suggest, put them on a ferry, tow it into New York harbor and sink it. But as some squeamish persons would probably object, it is hardly feasible. And unless we are going to do the thing thoroughly, perhaps it would be wiser to use intelligence rather than force.

What, then, *are* we going to do about it? To the harassed guardians of the peace, the bellicosity of the Communists so well displayed by Mr. Foster in the speech quoted above undoubtedly presents a vexing problem. They have been trying hard to start something, and in a good many instances they have succeeded. Perhaps the best way to deal with them is to give them as much freedom as possible to parade, orate, and protest, and when it becomes necessary to arrest them, to prosecute them without vindictiveness. When there are unnecessary riots, the Communists get the publicity they are seeking, and the police assist them in dramatizing the "class struggle." When they are denied the customary privileges of the law, as were Mr. Foster and four other leaders of the party arrested in New York, they are permitted to pose as martyrs persecuted by the "capitalist courts" because of their devotion to the working classes.

It seems probable that Communism will be with us, a thorn in our complacent flesh, for some time to come, so it might be well to arrive at some consistent policy in regard to it. It was no coincidence that its latest recrudescence occurred during the business depression and unemployment following the stock market's nose dive. Radicalism is inversely proportionate to prosperity. The more ardent believers in mass production have held out the bright promise of continued and cumulative prosperity through the creation of new markets by lowered prices and increased wages. The Communist doctrine states that because the gain from industry is so unequally distributed, its products cannot be absorbed and there must inevitably be periods of overproduction and unemployment, just as there were before the gospel of mass production arose. Every recurrence of hard times means a renewal of hope and activity among the Communists.

As an approach to an intelligent attitude toward Communism, it might be useful to separate a few facts from the mass of conflicting rumors, guesses, and pure fables which surround the movement.

Matthew Woll, as acting president of the National Civic Federation, has warned us that the March demonstrations were held on orders from Russia, and that Moscow gave Mr. Foster a million and a quarter dollars to foment a

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proletarian revolution here, and to finance the demonstrations. Now it is hardly a secret that the American Communists, like those of their faith in all countries, acknowledge the authority of the Third or Communist International. That is really not news, since at its birth in the United States Communism was given the blessing of the central organization.

The story of the million and a quarter dollars, however, appears to be only a new form of an ancient legend dear to the alarmists that crops up every few years. It happens that Russia's economic development has been greatly handicapped by shortage of capital. So will Mr. Woll tell us where a million and a quarter was found to be squandered on such a forlorn hope as American Communism? And can he explain why, with all these resources, Mr. Foster and his four comrades who were arrested in New York were unable to raise $50,000 bail?

All of it could hardly have been spent on the unemployment demonstrations. From the point of view of an interested spectator of the affair in Union Square, New York, I would estimate its cost at about $52.50, itemized as follows:

50 placards at 10 cents	$ 5.00
6 speakers' stands at $2	12.00
1 American flag	.50
Handbills	25.00
Medical supplies	10.00

What has become of the rest of that million and a quarter?

Mr. Woll, besides his connection with the National Civic Federation, is vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, which the Communists are attacking with particular vehemence. It may be well, then, to wait for proofs of his charge before we subscribe to the somewhat fantastic tale.

The strength of American Communism has been the subject of the most amazingly various estimates. Ralph M. Easley, chairman of the executive committee of the National Civic Federation, quotes as Gospel a recent magazine article which states that "the number of Communists in the United States to-day is much nearer a half million than 6,000, and it is increasing to-day with a rapidity heretofore unknown." At the other extreme, James Oneal, the Socialist leader and author of "American Communism," says that there are not more than 7,000 Communists in the country, of whom 5,000 are members of the official Communist Party of America. To this Mr. Easley replies that "the Socialists rush in to belittle the Communists because of the bitter fight and the natural jealousy between the two groups." On the other hand it may be pointed out that the National Civic Federation, being dedicated to fostering harmony between organized capital and organized labor, is equally the foe of the Communists, who so disturb the serenity of industry, but its tactics have been rather on the side of exaggeration than minimization. It is almost certain that the Communists if they had half a million members would not be so silent about the strength of the party, for their policy has never been one of reticence about their accomplishments.

The last statement of the Communist Party on its membership was in 1925, when it claimed 16,325 members, of whom two-thirds were born in the former Russian Empire or other Slavic countries. Since that time there have been two of the many schisms to which the movement here has been so frequently subject. The latest official figures published in Russia on the strength of the Communist party in America placed the membership in 1927 at 12,000.

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In 1928 William Z. Foster and Benjamin Gitlow, running for President and Vice-President on the Workers Party ticket, which was the Communist ticket, received 48,288 votes. Even the Communists say that a large part of this vote came from persons not active members of the party.

Mr. Easley declares that in order to get their names on the ballots, they had to present to the State election boards petitions bearing at least 200,000 names. He admits that probably half of these were not Communists, but adds that the majority of those affiliated with the movement are not citizens. The Workers Party was not on the ballot in fifteen States, however, and any estimate of the number of alien Communists is only a guess.

There are the various figures, and you may take your choice. My own belief—and it is nothing but an opinion based upon what I have seen of Communism at its fountain head, New York City—is that the Communists may have as many as 50,000 members.

But after all, the question of how to deal with them hardly depends upon their numbers. Indeed, if despite the obstacles they have met, they have as Mr. Easley says grown to half a million, it seems to be conclusive evidence that you cannot suppress them by force.

Communism in this country was born by fission of the Socialist Party, a process of gestation from which Socialism has not yet recovered; and the offspring has continued the process of division. There are at this writing three Communist groups. The largest and most militant is the Communist Party of America, the sect officially recognized by the Third or Communist International. In 1928 the split between Trotsky and Stalin in Russia produced a similar disagreement in the party here, and the Trotsky adherents, led by James P. Cannon, were expelled. They formed the Communist League of America, and called themselves the Opposition. The following year another large batch was found guilty of heresy and was excommunicated. Among them were Mr. Gitlow, only the year before Mr. Foster's running-mate, and Jay Lovestone, who organized the Communist Party, U. S. A., the so-called majority group.

A considerable amount of their energy has been devoted by these groups to fighting among themselves. To the orthodox Communists, fluent though somewhat repetitious in the use of epithet, these factions of the Right are "petty bourgeois renegades." This animosity is cordially returned, and the "majority group," far from co-operating in the recent demonstrations of the official party, heartily denounced them.

In a recent pronunciamento the "majority group" expressed its opinion of the official party as follows:

"The policy of the leaders of the official party has resulted in driving out and expelling from the party over 8,000 members. The outstanding leaders and builders of the Communist movement and the left wing have been expelled from the party. At the same time the official party leadership together with the official press is pursuing a policy of calumny, frame-up, lies, in an effort to destroy those who have been in the forefront of the workers' struggle in the United States and will continue to be in the forefront of those struggles.

"Instead of pursuing the revolutionary task of developing a powerful Communist movement based upon the masses and the organization of the workers, the leadership of the official party concentrates on issuing the most irresponsible phrases which, though

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appearing militant, are pure adventurism and pseudo-revolutionary bravado. The very bravado which Stalin at this late date pretends to 'recognize as an error' in the Soviet Union is prevalent in an even worse form in the leadership of the official Communist Party in the United States. The irresponsible phrase-mongering, the total contempt for actual objective conditions, the irresponsible boasting, offers a very fertile field for the police activities of the capitalist forces for reaction and makes it very easy for them to attack and to smash the Communist Party.

"The Communist Party in the United States fought for years to overcome its illegal existence and to function openly as a revolutionary political party of the broad masses of the workers in the United States. To-day we have the tragic fact that the official leadership of the Communist Party appears to welcome the forcing of the party into an underground existence and is accompanying this by isolating the party, destroying its influence and carrying on activities and issuing statements which open the doors of the party for spies and agents provocateurs."

Not even the most vehement *Communophobes* have condemned more scathingly the militant tactics of the official party than these, their former comrades.

The official Communist Party of America has numerous ramifications. The task of teaching the young idea how to revolt is entrusted to the Young Pioneers, composed of children from ten to sixteen years. They attend demonstrations, propagandize and study the Gospel According to Marx; and sometimes, with the high spirits of youth, carry on a guerrilla warfare with their particular enemies, the "fascist" Boy Scouts. The next age group is the Young Communist League, and finally the Communist Party itself.

The English organ of the party is *The Daily Worker,* published in New York and edited by Robert Minor, one of the men arrested with Mr. Foster on the charge of inciting the Union Square riot in New York. It is a small but ardent journal in which opinion and exhortation are liberally mixed with the news. A paragraph from an account of the prosecution of Foster, et al, from the issue of March 11 gives an accurate idea of its tone:

"Express train speed characterized the action of the capitalist courts of New York, under the grooming of the Walker-Whalen-McAdoo-Crain régime, in their hurry to reap their class vengeance against the committee representing 110,000 New York workers at the March 6 unemployment demonstration."

The labor policy of the Communists was until recently to "bore from within" the unions under the American Federation of Labor. The needle workers, most of whom are concentrated in New York, have always had radical tendencies, and the Communists made their greatest progress in that group. Indeed, they almost captured the Fur Workers Union, but the A. F. of L. succeeded in expelling them, whereupon they organized their own Needle Trades Workers Union. In the past two years they have apparently given up hope of capturing the established unions and have started to form their own. The National Textile Workers Union, which called the unsuccessful strike in Gastonia, N. C., was formed in 1928. Other Communist unions have been organized in the building trades, among the marine workers, and in the food, automobile, mining, and steel industries.

In Cleveland on September 3 last the Trade Union Unity League was created

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with Mr. Foster as national secretary, as the authority over all the Red unions. It is the American branch of the Red International of Labor Unions, the labor arm of international Communism. From its headquarters in New York City the league publishes a weekly paper, *Labor Unity*.

It is somewhat early to judge the effectiveness of the Communist unions. Mr. Foster is an able labor organizer and he has written a very authoritative book on strike tactics; but the Communists have not yet won any important strikes and they have lost several.

Finally there is a legal branch of the Communist organization, the International Labor Defense, founded in Chicago, June 28, 1925. It defends not only arrested Communists, but all workers who run afoul of the law. Its official organ is *The Labor Defender,* a well-edited monthly illustrated magazine.

The name of William Z. Foster has occurred frequently in this article, for the very good reason that Mr. Foster is the real leader of Communism in the United States—or at least of the brand officially recognized by the Communist International. He is a man of long experience and considerable ability in labor organization. A newspaper recently described him as the most famous man out of "Who's Who," and he is certainly the first rebel of our land. He has always been able to get into the news, and his instinct for publicity was never better demonstrated than when he added that cryptic initial "Z" to his name. He says he inserted it because he thought it looked well. That may be so, but the fact remains that William Foster is just a name, whereas William Z. Foster is the sort of name that sticks in the memory.

A Socialist at nineteen, Mr. Foster has become a deeper red with the passage of years. He was expelled from the Socialist Party, joined the I. W. W. and finally found a movement to his liking in Communism. His first real job as a labor organizer was the unionization of the packing industry in 1917. The packers won their strike and in 1919 Mr. Foster turned his attention to the steel industry. A quarter of a million men walked out at his call, but after a bitter struggle they lost the strike.

Mr. Foster is an intelligent man, mild-mannered in conversation and matter-of-fact in his writing. As a speaker he uses the violent vocabulary common to the Communists, who have an idiom as well defined as that of the spread-eagle patriotic orators. But this is evidently assumed because it is the conventional mode of address, although there can be no doubt that Mr. Foster sincerely believes in salvation by revolution.

The policy of the Communists, though they have used the ballot, is opposed to parliamentary methods as futile. They believe that the overthrow of capitalism can be accomplished only by revolution and they believe that revolution in the United States is not far off.

The Communists have in their labor organization work attempted to appeal to the large masses of unskilled or semi-skilled workers who can find no place in the craft unions of the A. F. of L. An especial emphasis is made upon the brotherhood of workers of all races, to draw in the Negroes. The International Labor Defense has also appealed to that race by fighting its battles against lynching and race prejudice. "Special attention must be paid to the persecutions and oppression of the Negro workers and large masses of Negroes must be drawn into the I. L. D.," said a report of that body's recent convention.

One is inclined to wonder just what the Communists hoped to gain from the

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militant methods expressed in their unemployment demonstrations. The prospect of a cracked head seems little inducement to join the party. Mr. Foster says that it is the party's "only effective means of protest," but there are grounds for belief that the demonstrations were staged principally for the benefit of the leaders of the Communist International, who have been reported exceedingly dissatisfied with the condition of Communism here.

They did accomplish this much: they forced the country to recognize the existence of a serious unemployment situation about which the administration had naturally preserved a discreet silence. Mr. Hoover, it is true, at once said that the worst was over, but in view of his previous silence it is not surprising that the Communists in *The Daily Worker* printed his cheerful interview under the headline, "Hoover Tells Favorite Lies."

This, it seems to me, indicates that the Communists, however much they may dislike the idea, are useful elements in our capitalist economy. Red has always been a danger signal; and when the Reds flourish, locally or nationally, it is a warning that something is wrong, and we should thank them for letting us know about it. This time it was unemployment. In Gastonia and Passaic, N. J., when the Communists organized textile strikes, they informed us that something was very much amiss with a textile industry that did not pay a living wage to its workers.

I would suggest to our industrialists and business men who would like to abolish Communism that the most direct way to do it is to abolish the conditions which make men and women listen to its desperate counsels. Until they do, it is just as well to have the Communists with us to prevent us from becoming too satisfied with ourselves.

Malcolm Logan, author of "These Terrible Reds," is a New York newspaperman who has been gathering material on the activities of the communists for some months. He presents the American aspect of communism.

"Home Office of the Revolution," the article which follows, carries the question of the power of communism to the heart of Soviet Russia and the blood-stream pumped from the Comintern headquarters which causes the pulse-beats of uprising here. Mr. White has just returned from Russia after studying for two and a half years in the Institute of Soviet Law in Moscow. He speaks the language and has had remarkable opportunities to see the real Russia. In an early number he will write of the so-called anti-religious crusade conducted by the Soviet officials. It is an article done without partisanship, so sane and tempered in its presentation that it is sure to aid every reader in understanding the situation in that topsy-turvy land.

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The promoters of world revolt and their real rôle in Moscow. A fact article, omitting gossip and using documents.

II. Home Office of the Revolution

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

In the centre of Moscow, by one of the gates to the Kremlin, stands the headquarters of "Comintern"—the abbreviated name of the Communist International. For eleven years the union of Communist parties of the world has had Moscow for its "home office." The best description of its formal aims is in its own programme: "Expressing an age-long demand for an international organization of the revolutionary Proletariat, Comintern, *the gravedigger of the capitalist system,* has for its programme the achievement of the universal Dictatorship of the Proletariat [*i. e.,* the Soviet form of government—dictatorship under the Communist party.—W. C. W.] and Communism and openly emerges as the organizer of the World Revolution of the Proletariat."

The history of the "gravedigger of the capitalist system" begins with 1914. Each national Socialist party had to decide whether it should support its own government in the war—and thus contradict Socialist beliefs in Internationalism—or not. The question was soon answered; in a short time French Socialists and German Socialists faced each other not across debating rostrums but from opposing trenches. The Second International (the union of Socialist parties) was buried beneath the rising waves of patriotism. But from each party there broke off a small group who were opposed to the war, who still believed in Internationalism and cried it as their slogan. Karl Liebknecht led the German group, Lenin, the Russians.

These dissenters held two meetings in Switzerland during the war. Most of the delegates came preaching peace without annexations or indemnities, the brotherhood of nations. Lenin and a few others, in the minority, differed; they saw a possibility of the war turning into civil war in each country and of using dissatisfied soldiers to overthrow the existing capitalist governments and to set up a Socialist system. In this minority was the germ of Comintern.

Lenin's hopes were realized in Russia—and similar revolutions in Europe, perhaps in all the world, seemed imminent. But, at the same time, while the social structure in many European countries showed cracks, Lenin was too much occupied with internal affairs to be able to give much assistance to his friends abroad. Relations with the "left wings" of foreign Socialist parties were carried on at this time by the Soviet foreign office. Yet World Revolution was just around the corner; Liebknecht was growing stronger in Germany as discontent deepened. The new Soviet constitution was drawn to permit the entrance of other states into "the government which shall embrace all of humanity and which, with the combined strength of all, shall build the new Socialist structure." More important,

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World Revolution *had* to come or be made to come. Lenin said, "The final victory of Socialism in one country is impossible," and Trotsky added, "The social revolution cannot be victorious in Russia alone; either it will start a social revolution in Europe or the European powers will crush the Russian Revolution." One Socialist state cannot stand alone in a hostile capitalist world.

Lenin's party (previously the Social Democrats) had in the meantime adopted the name of "Communist"; it believed in the necessity of a violent overthrow of existing government in order to create the new social order, and it was felt that, while there were no other "Communist" parties anywhere outside Russia yet, among the Socialist parties of the West there were perhaps groups that would sympathize with the Russian view; these groups could become "Communist" parties—as they did. Thus Moscow was to call the first "Communist" parties into existence. These parties could unite as the Socialist parties had united earlier—in a Third International.

And it must not once be forgotten that Communist parties and Comintern too were created "to save the Revolution in Russia." If World Revolution was imminent, then that would save "The Proletarian Fatherland." When it became apparent that World Revolution was to be delayed and capitalism was to grow stronger, other activities would be found for foreign Communists. But the end was the same; and the key to understanding Comintern and its importance as a *defensive* arm of the Communist party is in a paragraph in the official programme of Comintern—"In event of an attack of the imperialistic governments on the U. S. S. R. the international proletariat must answer with the most decisive mass counter-attacks and struggle for overthrowing their government and for a union with the U. S. S. R." "The World Revolution is guaranteed"—Lenin has said it. Work for it—but in the meantime, there is another slogan—"Defend the Socialist fatherland. Save the Proletarian Revolution."

In March, 1919, representatives of the more radical groups in eighteen different Socialist organizations met in Moscow, at invitation of the Russian party. Enthusiasm in those days was high. Lenin presented a tentative programme pointing out the necessity for the Proletariat (meaning by this, roughly, factory workers) to seize power for itself in every country; this power could be seized only by armed uprising as in Russia, and all preparations must be made for it. Thus, the tactics which had succeeded in Russia were set from the first as those tactics which Communist parties elsewhere must follow. Further, the Proletariat, under Comintern direction, must struggle not only against capitalism and the bourgeoisie but against all Socialists who did not believe that armed uprising and the creation of Soviet power were the only means for reaching Socialism. Separate Communist parties had to be organized, distinct from the cowardly Socialist parties with their non-Marxist plans for Socialism reached by parliamentary methods. The congress closed and a little later the short-lived Soviet republics in Bavaria and Hungary testified to the inspiration, if not help, from Moscow.

The second Comintern congress met in 1920, with representatives from more than fifty countries. It convened just before the Soviet drive into Poland and the situation never seemed rosier. Facing what seemed to be a victory in Poland and a flaming revolutionary war in the West, the congress drew up "instruc-

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tions on the part which ought to be played by the Communist party before and after the seizure of power in a given country." It worked out in detail those instructions which dealt with Germany, Italy, Poland, England and—the United States, even to appointing the members of the new Communist governments in these countries. At this congress, as at the first, it was the Russian delegates who guided the whole proceedings, who promised subsidies to foreign parties, who wrote Comintern's theses and its platform.

The Polish invasion was checked and the revolutionary wave receded. The third congress, in 1921, talked no more of an "offensive" programme but of the need for a programme of defense. The thesis that capitalism was headed for straight and immediate downfall was amended to read "the drop is not straight but in zigzags. Only a long period will show that, although the movement is up and down, down and up, yet the trend is downward." Tactics were revised—each Communist party must now set out on the long road to "capturing the majority of the Proletariat." In spite of attracting new members, there were signs that Comintern was having trouble with old ones. An uprising in Hamburg a few months earlier had been the most recent failure of Communist tactics. Socialist parties were making progress in Germany, Italy, and Poland, and surpassing the Communist groups in converting the Proletariat. Worse, the Second International had taken on new life. So, many Comintern delegates pleaded for a more thorough revision of programme to meet the facts, and for less Russian dictatorship in the international movement; other members simply quarrelled and left. What Comintern needed in the eyes of Lenin was the same discipline that he had welded into his Communist party. The doctrine of the "united front" was announced—that while different tactics might be needed in different countries, yet all orders and programmes were to come from the one source—the executive committee of Comintern; and foreign parties were to carry out without question any orders from Moscow headquarters. If any foreigner felt that this checked his liberty of action he was welcome to get out. Thirty years before Lenin had envisioned an ideal party with a few leaders at the top, commanding unquestioned discipline and allegiance from the members below. "Give me such an instrument and I will overturn Russia," he said. That same discipline must be enforced in an international organization if it was to work toward World Revolution, while defending the "Proletarian Fatherland."

Not only in the discipline enforced does Comintern resemble any one Communist party but its organization is very similar. In theory the guiding body is the congress of delegates from all member parties which meets irregularly; the sixth and last was in 1928. An elected central committee meeting every six months carries on the work in the period between congresses; and for current business the committee appoints from itself a presidium. In theory (as in party structure) the importance of the organs is in that descending order. In fact it is the reverse. The presidium meets every two weeks and makes decisions and gives orders; it is responsible to the congress to which it makes reports of activity but, since it contains the leaders of the various parties, it can influence the selection of delegates to the congress. The congress usually passes everything unanimously.

The presidium is as international as

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the congress itself. At present it is composed of thirty-one members including five Russians (with Stalin, Molotov, and Rykov, the "premier" of the government), three Germans, three Czechs, two Japanese, three Italians, one American (Randolph), a Hungarian, an Englishman, a Finn, and others. Since the last membership list was published there have been several expulsions; but the principle of having representation based on party membership is strictly followed. The central committee, which includes the presidium and about thirty more, has the same international complexion. The minutes of both committee and presidium meetings, where quite often there are sharp debates and disagreements, are usually kept secret and only their conclusions published.

All the leaders of Comintern are never present in Moscow except at congresses. But there is a large permanent staff in residence and there are many students sent by foreign Communist parties. The staff varies in size and its personnel changes frequently. They choose to carry on their work in great secrecy. This staff is also international; keeping themselves more or less aloof from the foreign colony in Moscow they are rather a colony by themselves. Those who do the clerical work, and the translating, are usually paid two hundred and twenty-five roubles a month ($112) —considerably higher than the average Moscow wage. The staff and the various members of the controlling boards who may be in Moscow live in two of the hotels, one kept specially for them. They have free use of a fine hospital in Moscow not open to the general public, special boxes at the theatres, the use of state automobiles, and special sanatoria near Moscow and in the south.

In addition to these employees there are the students; it is sometimes difficult to draw the line, for some combine the two activities. Comintern runs at least three schools in Moscow—the University of the Struggling Workers of the East, the Sun Yat Sen University exclusively for Chinese, and the "Lenin School," attended chiefly by students from the west. These must not be confused with the regular Moscow universities; the Comintern schools are on the Comintern budget and are only for foreign Communists, men and women, "commanded" to Moscow by their respective parties. These students live under better conditions than the regular Russian university students. The Chinese—about two hundred of them—have their own quarters and the remainder—perhaps two hundred and fifty—live in a recently completed dormitory. The students in the Lenin School are paid seventy roubles a month (thirty-five dollars), with the usual perquisites—free board and lodging, medical attention, travel expenses. They may earn additional money by writing or speaking or like the lone American negress who said, "I go to a meeting and they introduce me—'Here is a member of an oppressed race in capitalistic America who has come here to learn how to free her people' . . . and I earns fifteen roubles." All students follow more or less the same courses—foreign languages, "Leninism," history, economics, and politics from the Communist standpoint. They are to return to their homeland as organizers and agitators.

In addition to these educational activities Comintern contributes to various publication funds. Thanks to this assistance Lenin's works are now appearing in no less than twenty languages.

Germans predominate among the foreign Communists resident in Moscow. The American section is one of the largest if the students are included. Its

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members constantly change, but due to the quality of its personnel it is not regarded as a very important section. It included in the autumn of 1929 about twenty whites and seven Negroes. The feeling in Moscow that the Negro class in America possesses revolutionary possibilities has led to the desire to increase the number of Negro students. Foreign students are drawn from both the intelligentsia and proletarian groups; the latter predominate.

Comintern has also a "Control Commission" which checks up on finances and runs a "court" for breaches of discipline whether committed in Russia or abroad—whether refusals to follow orders or merely differences of opinion from the official Comintern encyclicals. Once Comintern has issued a statement, or a "thesis" (or interpretation of some situation), any publicly stated disagreement on the part of any party member is "heresy." The life of Comintern members in Moscow is not all perquisite. There is always the possibility that some "enemy of the Proletariat" may be lurking under Communist disguise, so they are under official observation. Thirty Chinese students, who sided with Trotsky in his quarrel with Stalin, paraded on the morning of the tenth anniversary of the Revolution. When they passed the tribunal in Red Square where Stalin sat they unfurled a banner "Down with Stalin—robber of the Revolution." There were thirty vacancies in the Sun Yat Sen University that evening. A few months ago, in protest against what she called "the jail régime," a most important member of Comintern, Clara Tsetkin, for long years a German Communist, resigned from the central committee and left Moscow "forever."

Comintern now includes not less than sixty parties, although some of them scarcely deserve the title. The varying membership of the outstanding parties as published in 1928 is as follows, but membership figures, as elections show, are no guide to party influence:*

	1924	1925	1926	1927
Germany ..	121,394	122,755	134,248	124,729
Cz. Slov. ..	138,996	93,220	92,818	150,000
France	68,187	83,326	75,000	52,376
U. S. A.....	17,000	14,000	11,990	12,000
Sweden	7,011	8,650	10,849	15,479
England ...	4,000	5,000	6,000	9,000
Russia	445,089	441,117	1,078,185	1,210,054

Thus the strongest parties, outside Russia, are in Germany, Czechoslovakia, and France. In Germany the Communist party polled nearly four million votes in the elections of 1928. Its strength is urban—as with all foreign parties. Three times it has led an armed uprising, in 1919, 1921, and 1923. It controls fifty-four seats in the Reichstag. The growth and influence of the party was severely checked by the events of May 1, 1929, when a Communist demonstration and police clashed and eighteen citizens were killed. Its chief newspaper was closed for six weeks and its "armed force," the Jungsturm, was ordered out of uniform. The party in Czechoslovakia occupies forty-one seats in Parliament. The party in France polled 1,080,000 votes at the last elections and has twelve seats in the Chamber of Deputies. Its daily paper, *L'Humanité,* has a circulation of 220,000.

The Communist party in the United States arose as the "Workers' Party" in 1921 and now claims a membership of 20,000, chiefly in New York. The English party, founded in 1920, has been hard hit by the success of the Labor party. The party in Italy grew up in 1921 and was for a time legal, but was later forced "underground." Its organization is extensive but it is chiefly an organization of leaders. Comintern considers work in this party the most dan-

*These figures as all figures and data in this article are from official published Russian sources.—W. C. W.

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gerous of all and the Italian Communists enjoy special privileges as regards party discipline. In Poland the party is illegal, yet it manages to have seven members in Parliament who are there when they are not in jail. The party is illegal in all the Baltic States, each of which has experienced Soviet rule. In Latvia "one-third of the party is in jail." The party in each of the Scandinavian countries is led chiefly by intellectuals and is considered weak.

Each party publishes newspapers and journals and each party is supposed to collect dues from its members—a varying percentage of each member's salary. Not all members pay their dues, so the stronger parties contribute to the support of Comintern and subsidize the smaller parties and their activities.

In each of the South American countries there is a "party," chiefly skeleton organizations of leaders. There is no party in India as a mass organization—only separate Communist groups. Leaders are at school in Moscow but, to this time, all attempts at getting followers have been more or less of a failure due to the inability of the slogan "Workers of the World, unite," to bridge the deeply rooted caste system. In China the party grew rapidly to a membership of nearly 60,000 in 1927 although it was always difficult to distinguish real Communists from "rice" Communists—those in it for their own ends. With the failure of the Revolution in 1927 the party has faced continual repression. The party in Japan is very weak and severely suppressed.

In addition there exists the International Young Communists Movement with a foreign membership of 225,000. As in Russia, where there are more than 2,000,000, it is expected that the best party members will be recruited from these "replacements." Combined with this is the International Pioneers Movement, the Communist "Boy and Girl Scouts." Figures on membership are liable to be inaccurate or unobtainable.

Affiliated directly with Comintern are three other institutions: Sportintern, whose duty it is to increase "class-conscious" sport organizations. It is active in bringing various foreign soccer football, track, hockey, and swimming teams, drawn usually from Young Communist organizations abroad, to meet teams in Russia; it organized the proletarian "Spartan games" in 1928 to rival the "bourgeois" Olympics. There is likewise "Krestintern," the International Peasants' Movement which seems to be composed chiefly of leaders looking for peasants to lead. Finally there is the International Society for Help to Revolutionaries. This organization, with sections in forty-four countries (the International Labor Defense is the American branch of this society), helps "all sufferers in the class war"—political prisoners, their families, and exiles—and furnishes legal counsel when necessary in labor cases. Some wit has suggested that it turn its attention to the many political prisoners held in Soviet Russia.

The three or four hundred thousand Communists outside Russia are distinguished as a rule by a high sense of party loyalty and a rigid submission to party discipline. Therefore Moscow can send out orders for May Day or Defense Day parades, or for world-wide demonstrations and the orders are followed wherever there is a party group, just as the Russian Communist party, through the government apparatus, can dictate a policy that will be followed north of the Arctic circle and south along the Indian border.

But Communists will most bitterly attack the statement that "Comintern is an

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instrument of the Soviet government"; the House of Commons has been debating this since England re-recognized Russia in September last. And the Communists are right. There is no *constitutional* bond between Comintern and the Soviet government; nor is there any between the Soviet government and the Communist party. The relation between government and party is stated: "The Communist party in Russia dictates in the interests of the Proletariat." That is, the government is an instrument of the Communist party. The relation between party and Comintern is stated: "The Russian Communist party is one of the members of Comintern." It should add "the most important member, the controlling member," although foreign parties play more part in its management than they are usually given credit for. Thus Comintern becomes an instrument of the Russian Communist party, and government, Comintern and party together produce a Trinity. Theologians can sympathize with Russian scholars in trying to find where one ends and the other begins.

Government, party, and Comintern are connected as an interlocking directorate. By means of the positions which the various Russian members of Comintern presidium occupy, all branches of Communist activity are correlated; Stalin and Molotov represent the party, Rykov represents the Council of Commissars, Losovsky represents the International Trade Union Movement, Yaroslavsky represents the party control commission and various societies and publications, and Khitarov is also the leader of the Communist Youth League. These men and others are the bonds that unite the Trinity. I wonder whether these Russians among themselves do as we foreigners—do they attempt to hold in water-tight compartments the parts of the threefold instrument created to realize one ideal?—"the Communists disdain to conceal their aims and views. They openly declare that their ends [the creation of a new social order] can be attained by the forcible overthrow of the existing social order."

That "forcible overthrow" seemed more possible in 1919 than in 1930; and the history of Comintern for the past nine years has been one of retreat from its 1921 belief that "revolutionary situations no longer exist to be utilized but must be created" to its 1928 thesis that capitalism has not only become "stabilized" but will rise above its pre-war levels (never, however, above "those inevitable weaknesses which will bring it down"). In that same year Comintern commented on the very slow growth of the parties abroad, explaining this by the increase of "fascism, espionage, terror, and repression used against Communists." Recently there has been a sharp struggle against a heresy appearing in Comintern ranks—"capitalism is not only stabilizing itself but is getting healthy." Molotov officially damned this theory last July, saying that capitalism could not be healthy so long as there was "a rising tide of revolution" as evinced by various world-wide strikes, including those in our Southern States and by continuing unemployment, and any one who does not believe that there is a definite revolutionary surge forward "is not a Communist—he is a rotting dirty reformer."

In addition to having to change its theories to a changing world, Comintern has been faced continually with a changing personnel due to insurgency in the ranks. The Russian party called Comintern into existence; it has set duplication of its achievements as the aim of Comintern. Because it is the party

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which contributes most to Comintern support, because its leaders can claim great revolutionary experience, insistence on the "united front" has continued—policy tactics and discipline are to be set in Moscow. Once Comintern doctrine has been promulgated "excathedra," it is gospel for all Communists, no matter what their nationality. Once Trotsky's theories have been damned, any foreign Communists who may share the same ideas must recant or face punishment—perhaps expulsion. Hence the head-line in the New York *Daily Worker,* "Drive Trotskyism out of Kansas"—of all places!

The result has been an unending series of resignations, and expulsions from Comintern, continual divisions and factional quarrels in the foreign parties. Communists in various countries see the success of the Socialist or Labor parties and have an urge to join them and share the success—and the jobs. Such yearnings Comintern brands "opportunistic." Or some individual leader may think that Comintern theses as worked out by the Russians do not fit the situation in his own country. There have been revolts in the German party (led by Karl Radek, Comintern's most brilliant pamphleteer), in Czechoslovakia, in the United States, in England, in almost every important party. Some of these quarrels have resulted in the formation of new groups—in Germany, in France, and in America. Without Comintern subsidy they are uniformly feeble. Revolts against the Russian "cathedra" have resulted in the expulsion of many able men from the organization—most recently, for holding a view-point which would brand him "a rotting dirty reformer," Scott Nearing.

"Careerists" have further complicated the problems of Comintern leaders. Few can doubt the sincerity of the Russian revolutionaries who were revolutionaries in 1905 when there was nothing to be gained from such a career, except eventual and almost inevitable Siberian exile. But other parties lack this baptism of Siberian weather, the long suffering and hardening, and into their corps of leaders creep some men who later must be hauled up before the Control Commission for misappropriation of funds or misuse of power. Such was the American Communist Pepper who presented expense accounts for official journeys to Korea and Mexico but, as the Moscow newspapers said "he never was in Korea or Mexico." There have been men of this type in all the parties; the American party seems to have had more than its share.

And Comintern and the various parties have lost members who finally concluded that in taking World Revolution as its aim and insisting on it as realizable goal, in not emphasizing that the conditions which made revolution successful in Russia were unique in the world, Comintern was not facing realities; that nowhere is there "a revolutionary situation" and all the efforts of Comintern do not produce one. Yet Comintern leaders never for one minute admit that World Revolution is not feasible, achievable, and inevitable. When they do deny it they cease being leaders of Comintern.

Although World Revolution is written in the stars, although Marx has said so and Lenin repeated "World Revolution is guaranteed," although it is a great faith, yet it is sometimes difficult in Moscow to discover how deeply that faith is rooted among Russian Communists. There are those who believe in orthodox fashion that the contradictions in the capitalist system, the rivalries between nations, continuous overproduction and increasing and incurable un-

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employment will result in "revolutionary situations" which can be captured by alert and strong Communist parties; that either the workers will revolt against the masters who take the bulk of the profits for themselves and pare wages down to the minimum, or that colonial rivalry and "imperialism" will lead to another great war out of which will emerge other Soviet republics as Russia emerged from the last war. They point out the unending propaganda value of a successful Union of Socialist Soviet Republics now existing on Russian soil, of its elimination of private gain and profit in a national economy, of the broad measures for safeguarding the health and the interests of the factory class, and of the propaganda value for Eastern peoples of its equal and fair treatment of minorities regardless of race, color, or language. They read their newspapers which concentrate in their foreign-news sections the reports of strikes and labor unrest the world over. They agree that World Revolution may be postponed a decade, five decades—but it *will* come and the longer it is in coming the better will the ever-strengthening Soviet Union be able to help it when it does come. Any whose faith is too feeble can get out—there is no room for "little believers."

Yet there are others—and names high up in the party are mentioned sometimes—who have lost faith, about which, for obvious reasons, they speak rarely. Rather they tell stories, like the one of the man who was unemployed and complained of hard times. A friend told him of a job—"Not much pay," he explained, "only thirty roubles a month, but the place is for life—for life, mind you—and you can hold another job at the same time if you find one."

"Too little pay . . ."

"I know, but this job is for life . . ."

"What is it?"

"You know the Comintern building? On the roof is a bell tower. Well, your job is to ring that bell when the World Revolution breaks out."

They see the huge problems in the peasant situation, the goods shortage, a backward and illiterate people, and they would like to see all rosy dreams of World Revolution abandoned and the party devote all its means and energies to building up Russia. Party members who are especially interested in the economic development of Russia find Comintern and its propaganda abroad a continual barrier to normal trade and economic relations. It was the belief in the minds of Scotland Yard that Comintern was using the Soviet trading delegation in London as a base for propaganda work that led to the fracture of Anglo-Soviet relations; and Comintern and its foreign propaganda are always listed as one of the reasons for non-recognition of the U. S. S. R. by the United States.

Yet the faith remains though perhaps not so flaming as of yore. It must remain or Socialist endeavor in Russia loses meaning. If capitalism strengthens itself, if foreign workmen become contented and class antagonisms grow blunt and not sharper, then Karl Marx and Lenin are wrong, and all the sacrifices made for Communism are useless, meaningless, and blind; in that event the Dictatorship of the Proletariat would either die from unfavorable comparison, be forced into compromise, or meet economic and perhaps military defeat from a stronger West. If there is to be no World Revolution why continue the dictatorship another day—why not make the inevitable compromises to capital now? Here Comintern plays its first rôle as a *defensive* arm of the Russian Communist party. Its demonstrations and its work abroad, their sup-

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pression by the police, its activities in strikes and disorders are all reported at home and are interpreted as signs of the "revolutionary surge." Comintern's first duty is to strengthen the faith among those in the Proletarian Fatherland.

"We cannot say where or when, in what country or at what definite moment we shall arrive at an immediate revolutionary situation," said Molotov last July. In the meantime there are things to be done; and Comintern's second duty is to go "To the masses, to the masses." It must conquer the majority of the working class; its members must participate in every labor demonstration, every strike, every campaign for factory elections. They must try to "bore from within" in the labor-unions and, if possible, organize Communist unions. Parties that are weak must be built up, Socialist parties must be split —in every way the strength of the individual Communist party, and therefore Comintern, must be increased. Greater attention must be paid to the colonies; here are great masses of workers outside any organizations. Further, it is the colonies which provide some European powers their markets; upset the situation in the colonial possessions and unemployment will follow at home with consequent discontent and possible material for "a revolutionary situation."

To understand the third duty of Comintern one must realize how certain the Communist party in Russia is of a war against them. Any foreigner in Moscow for more than a month can feel the depth of this "war certainty." The "war" was announced definitely after England's break with Russia in 1927; it has been heralded several times since then; and no Moscow paper passes through a week without at least once reporting some nations arming against the U. S. S. R. "Join in building up the Soviet Union—but be ready to build a buttress against the Imperialists" is a common slogan. It is always a war of defense —U. S. S. R. alone against the capitalist world; but that it will come is almost the second faith. As a matter of fact in event of a war the U. S. S. R., without diplomatic alliances, would probably stand alone. Comintern here plays its most important rôle as a defensive arm of the party.

"At this time war and intervention in Russia is an actual problem in world development; therefore Comintern organizes for August first a demonstration to show how ready we are for the new revolutionary struggle. This demonstration is one of the most important steps toward concentrating and gathering our strength for the final decisive Revolutionary War," said one leader, last July. The last congress in 1928 declared that "defending the U. S. S. R. from imperialist war" is the chief international problem of the Communist movement. It drew up practical measures to be taken in case of war. If war against the U. S. S. R. threatens, Communists must work among the masses to arouse them against having their country go into that war; if they fail, then they must work especially hard in factories producing war supplies, among the troops, among the "working-peasant youth" who go into the army. Under no circumstances must the Communists boycott the war or desert or play pacifist, for that would take the "revolutionary elements" from the army and hinder the chief aim to turn the war against the U. S. S. R. into a civil war. In that way the workers abroad could "Defend the U. S. S. R."

In more senses than one Comintern is the foreign alliance of the Proletarian Fatherland.

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The Land of Juan de Dios

BY STARK YOUNG

On the last Saturday in April, 1746, word came that the Señor Rafael Vasco de Madrazo and his company had already reached the mission of San José, where his carriage was being washed and the horses watered at the Aqueduct, and would soon arrive in the town. He had been expected in San Antonio de Bejar three or four days already, but had delayed at San Juan Bautista to celebrate his mistress's birthday. She was Carmen Gonzales, the celebrated dancer from Salvatierra, who rode with him. Couriers, sent ahead to make sure that everything was ready in the house he had caused to be taken for himself, had told all this. Within an hour, he would ride into the plaza.

It was a small city, and the news had spread to every house. A very rich young man, people said, was coming to take up a grant from the king. He had travelled from Madeira, where his family lived on their estates, to the family property in Mexico and thence to Texas. His own grant began somewhere to the west of the town and ran, it was rumored, a great stretch of country beyond the Medina hills, where silver fields were believed to lie. Every year about this time Indians from that country came to town, with strips of silver which they exchanged for the supplies they wanted, and went away again. People said that the silver in these hills extended north to the rivers, the Blanco, San Miguelito, Pedernales, and beyond; there was a legend of gold as well. Nobody knew anything for certain, only what one saw with his own eyes from the Indians, who told nothing.

Any traveller, coming up those many leagues from the south, along the Camino Real and over the mountains and flat plains, was likely to go first thing to San Fernando, with a candle and a prayer for his deliverance from the Indians, robbers, bandits, and marauders of all sorts, who were ready to waylay him, and from the scorching sun, wind, dust, and other natural enemies of health. Half the town was standing along the street to San Fernando to see the young man pass by in his red-wheeled carriage, beside him his mistress, her maid and parrot-cage sitting opposite, and after the carriage, his servants, the five soldiers granted him for a guard, and diverse persons and stragglers that every train to the north was sure to gather at San Luis Potosí, Charcas, and Sierra Gorda along the route. The wagons and mules had been left not far away at the edge of town; the company, save for the three in the carriage, went the rest of the way on foot. Don Rafael Vasco de Madrazo rode in a blue coat, turquoise color, with gold on the collar; Carmen Gonzales sat beside him in a green mantle, a yellow hat, and gloves flamingo red.

At the very end of this bright, grave procession going to kneel before the candles in the shadowy church, there was a woman in a black dress, with a black mantilla over her head, who walked alone. The fatigue of the journey and the eager glances she gave the faces of the people along the street delayed her progress and caused her to lag behind some paces. At length some boys began to point and jeer at her, first one boy and then several, running along, peering into the white face with the

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strange searching eyes. Doña Remedios turned her head quickly away, she knew there might be something absurd about her staring like that into the crowd, glancing about her like a haunted woman. The boys grew bolder. "I have known worse than that," she thought. "What does it matter?" She had not time to see the faces of so many people, not to look well at every face, that was the trouble. A little peon with gray hair stepped out of a doorway and cuffed one of the boys over the head.

"That will teach you."

He took off his cap and bowed, looking gently into her eyes:

"Excuse them, señora, little fools."

She thanked him.

"Boys are fools," he said.

"It's no matter," she said. "Tell me, have you heard of a Don Juan Estrada? Juan de Dios Ramirez Estrada?"

The peon bowed again.

"But, señora, he is my master; I belong to that hacienda, four leagues from town."

"I heard a rumor that he was here in San Antonio," she said. "To think you know him!"

"Excuse me, señora, there's nothing strange in that. He has two hundred peons, señora. And more."

She was not listening. "Yes, yes, you are very kind," she said and hurried on. She clasped her hands to check their trembling—when you have waited so long—"My son, my son, my son! What will he say?" she cried. The little peon stood gazing after her, puzzled, and shaking his head.

She was the daughter of a ruined nobleman who had been a poet, as well as a spendthrift, in his youth, and the friend of scholars; they used to visit him later on in his great old tottering farmhouse in Castile. He had a palace in Toledo, but for many years the great gates had not been opened, and the superb, long damask at the windows had faded almost white. In this country house, with its name of Montesclaros on the high old gate, far off somewhere in the hills behind Avila, Remedios had spent her life. Her mother had died when she was born. She lived quietly, a lonely girl, knowing only these men, listening to her father and his friends, afraid of him, until at length he married her to a suitor who was the younger son of a great marquis and in his own right a conde. Condesa de Villanueva she was, therefore, but after what happened she never used the title and thought of herself solely as Doña Remedios, her father's daughter.

The marquis, her father-in-law, granted the young couple apartments in the family palace, where the two older sons and their families also lived. Soon after his child was born, the conde began at intervals to absent himself from home, going off on journeys here and there; first to Estramadura and the south, wandering, he said; then he said less of what he did and stayed away longer. They heard that he went to the Spanish islands, to the Indies, even to America somewhere; nobody knew; they thought him mad. He had grown to hate his parents, especially his mother, who doted on him above every one, whined, and hung on his neck; he hated his brothers, and most of all his wife, who was beginning to love him. Only his son seemed to keep his heart, little Juan de Dios. The love the mother had for his child merely annoyed him; he used to frown if she so much as touched the child, having had too much of that sort of thing himself. One morning when Juan was five years old he could not be found anywhere, but there was a letter saying they need never expect to see either the child or the father again.

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However prostrate with despair she was, for the child had been her life, however white, frail, and hidden, it made no difference; the whole palace of the conde's family, servants and all, hated Remedios, as if she were to blame for what had happened. There was nothing to do but to go back to her father, who was infuriated by this disgrace to his name that nobody could do anything about, but not sorry to have a daughter's care again, for he was getting old.

When she used to lie for hours across the big carved bed with its dim curtains, in her room with the whitewashed walls and blue beams overhead, old Manuela sitting on the edge of the bed, holding the little hand in hers, he would mount the stair and come and stand looking down at them. People said he was the tallest man in Castile and had a beard like Cervantes's portrait.

"Now, Manuela, what's the matter with her?" he would say, knowing very well what the matter was, for this was the fiftieth time.

"She's crying for her baby, Don Enrique; that's it; she wants to go searching for him."

"But that's nonsense. Nobody knows where he went with the child, whether somewhere in Spain, giving up his name, or in the islands, or the New World."

"She wants her little boy."

"But I am old and could never go far," he said. "Could she go alone?" Then he would say, enjoying his measures like a poet, "On a vain search? Could she go beyond Cuba or San Domingo, San Salvador, or to San Luis, Guadalupe, to Vera Cruz in Mexico, or to the cities of the Andes?"

After her father had spoken thus and had gone, Doña Remedios would take her hand away even from Manuela and let it lie stretched out with the other hand above her head. "I am all alone."

And then, after a while, the little hand in hers, or the sound of the little voice, the little feet on the floor, or the small soft body against her breast, were less present to her; at least they came less often. She began to think less of her own loss and had even more than ever that terrible anxiety lest he should need her; in her dreams she saw him in trouble, or he was ill; she never believed that he was dead.

During these years, save for the women servants and some of the farm women, she was thrown only in the company of men. Her father and his friends were the only education she received. Growing older with the years, along with him, they used to come every season to visit him in the faded, gusty house. One or two of them were from Avila, the rest scholars from the university at Salamanca: Don Felipe Herrera, the theologian and author of the "Commentaries on the Psalms," whose poem from the Twenty-third Psalm was said to have saved him from the Inquisition; Don Andrés de Segura, the most celebrated Platonist in Spain in his day, and others, coming across the country in their rattling carriages, staying several days, talking together hours on end, of philosophy, of poetry and government, of the nature of love. Remedios sat silent at the foot of her father's table, listening.

And as she listened, she saw these men drinking the Amantillado that was dwindling every month in the cellar, and the good red wine of the farm, and eating the ham and the sausages, the artichokes, the puchero, and the cakes that Manuela cooked, out of the lean rations from the neglected farm; she heard the proud, high things they talked. She heard her father pressing these viands on his guests as if his were in-

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deed an overflowing larder and the finest wines of Jerez or Malaga forever on their way to him—that was the man of it. "They are only children," she would say to herself, looking at them with her dark, quiet eyes. Men were eagles, children, dreamers, the wings flying off the ground, the sowers, the seed.

As time passed, her grief went further in and became a kind of hidden solitude. Thinking of her child, she searched her heart. Was she asking him back again too much for herself? She came at length to think of woman as like the land around her, woman as the earth, waiting, eternal, warm, in which the seed fell. She had heard so much of woman's duty, so many assumptions of what a woman should do, that she had tried to think it out for herself. She said to herself at length, "It's not that I must give myself to a child, not that I sacrifice myself, but must fulfil myself. As the earth does."

Sixteen years passed. Her son was a man now, he was of age. She began to think more and more of the relation of a mother and son. There was so much sentiment talked on the subject, so much whining on the mother note, so much taking advantage of him to tie to, to hang upon, to feed one's emotions on. There must be none of that. There must be dignity, there must be grace, decent form, respect, between mother and son. Word came, by way of a friend of her father's in Toledo, that the Conde de Villanueva was dead. The word had come to the Toledo palace through a Jesuit returning from the college in Puebla; nothing was said of the son. For days and nights Remedios's flesh went hot and cold; she prayed for a sign from the Mother of God, knowing all the time that she could not leave her father, not while he lived.

It was three years yet before Don Enrique left the bed he had caused to be set up in the library, where he had been with his ancestors' portraits for seven months, to be laid in the chapel vault, where he would be with their bones forever. Remedios sold the farm and the old house to a money-lender in Leon, who paid her half its value; then she sailed for Mexico. In Puebla, which lay some miles from the sea, some people remembered the Conde de Villanueva; he had died in a duel with daggers; his son had gone away. They mentioned San Luis Potosí. Some said they thought the province of Sonora; somewhere perhaps, God alone knew; the conde had been reported to have a magnificent grant in the north. But who could say these things, in a country so vast that no one man could traverse it?

Señor Rafael, in name like an angel and in countenance like one, kneeling beside his mistress, the Señorita Carmen Gonzales, in her green and yellow, looked at an old woman praying at the altar-rail across the aisle from him. He was a sensitive, voluptuous, as well as brave and reckless young man, and had already drifted away from the words on his lips to listen to his mistress's low voice muttering her prayers. It was like something within a guitar, how low, how sweet; it rose and fell; he risked his soul in hell, as he had often done before, for the sake of one more of those delights that she could give him. Looking at the old woman, he forgot his prayers entirely, and presently even the beautiful low voice at his side, and kneeled there, his brow resting on his palm, his face turned to one side, watching her. The motionless body, its bowed shoulders and clasped hands, seemed too frail to be alive. Her face was raised, her eyes resting on the altar. He must have thought that she was dead—she was so

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white—and that the soul was coming out of her eyes.

It all came back to him now, the evening at Taxco, six weeks before, when she had first approached him, to ask permission to join his train going north to San Antonio. Events had put her out of his mind: at Querétaro Carmen had taken up with the bull-fighter, Ottavio Garcia; people brought tales; Don Rafael was mad with jealousy; at Saltillo he had given her a beating; and at San Juan Bautista he had given her a three days' fiesta. In Taxco one afternoon an old woman in black came up to him, speaking in a low, passionate voice that age had not touched and in the purest Castilian. She had heard that he was about to start to-morrow for San Antonio. All Taxco knew that his family was sending him to inquire into the reports of gold and silver in the northern province. She was searching for her son, who had been lost to her for more than thirty years. She had been to Puebla, to the provinces of Oaxaca, Michoacan, and many other places, even to some of the sea-coast towns. He knew how that might be, she said. It was so large a country, the parts of it so cut off from one another, that wars might be fought in one province and peace made, before another learned of it, and governments came and went and hundreds of towns and cities never knew of them. How could one not be lost? Her money was almost gone by now, but she had enough pesos for this journey perhaps.

Don Rafael thought her mad, but he would grant her request. "Señora," he replied, "you may come along. No question of pesos." Then he thought, "She may bring me luck, who knows?" The silver and gold were in his mind. He hoped she would not die on the journey, but if she did, well, wandering ends where it ends, he would give her a decent burial, for the sake of his own mother—no, for the sake of all women. When they were young, women were like music behind the curtain of plain, dull things that men must engage in. And Carmen Gonzales was waiting for him at the inn.

The celebrated Father Francisco Mariana de los Dolores y Viana, of the mission near by, had conducted mass in San Fernando that morning, and, even so long a while after, there were more people in church than usual; but at the great door into the Plaza de las Islas now, Don Rafael touched her arm.

"Forgive me, señora, there was so much to distract me, trying to preserve the journey from misfortunes, that I have not remembered perhaps."

"Oh, no, my dear Don Rafael," Doña Remedios said. "You must not say that. There were so many in your train."

"For a man even it was a terrible journey, but for your years, señora——"

"It was a happy journey, señor. I owe you everything, everything."

"You owe me nothing, señora. But they have taken me a large house here in the town; if you will honor me, I offer you a lodging there."

"That too? How kind you are, señor."

"While you find your son, perhaps," he went on, smiling and looking at the emeralds on the fingers of his left hand. "You must remember this is the town of San Antonio, who finds for us what is lost."

"I have found him, Don Rafael."

"Found your son?"

She could see he thought her out of her wits. "At least I know he is here."

"Then what is his name?" Don Rafael said gently. "We'll have him sent for."

"His name is Juan de Dios Estrada."

"Juan de Dios? Estrada? Very well. I am a stranger here, of course, and

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shouldn't know. Are you ill, señora?"

"I have trouble at times getting my breath," she said, "but not at this moment."

Carmen Gonzales, a little in advance of them, rapped her fan on her flamingo palm and called to him.

"I'm coming," he said. "My house, señora, is off there, it seems, only a step. They call it the House of the Shell."

She saw him stop, with Carmen Gonzales, to buy jasmines from a woman who sat, her black riboso drawn up over her head, with a little jar on the ground beside her. Near by, the melon vender had spread out his goods, the sea-green melons with their pale, soft leaves. On the far side of the Plaza de las Islas, named, she had already heard, from the Canary Islanders who had built their houses around it, there was a kind of market, with barrows set up, where she could see green vegetables and fruits, lengths of cloth for sale, and crockery put out on the ground. Peons, Indians, servants, housewives, and old men in shawls were moving about, calling out wares, conversing with one another. The rest of the plaza was open at this hour. Doña Remedios stood looking at it. On the white stone of the pavement the bright light lay, like a breath quickly taken. A harp-player, with a beautiful grave head and white hair, stood back in the close noon shadow of the wall. She closed her eyes to listen, the melody was like a song, a voice in a song, singing forever; the lower strings seemed to her like the quick, sad beating of a heart.

The house that Don Rafael Vasco de Madrazo had taken was that built by a nobleman who had been ordered back to Spain after certain letters he had written to the French king were intercepted by the archbishop's agents from Guadelajara. So far away was Spain that nobody in San Antonio knew what had happened to him. He had not returned and the house, with the magnificent furniture that he had brought with him, was in the hands of the Cabildo. It was a great baroque house, with saffron-yellow walls and pink eaves and mouldings, and a shell copied from that at the mission of San José over the street portal, and stood in the same street with the Veramendi palace and the famous blue house of Juan Banul.

In the narrow room that the porter had led her to, across the patio and up a narrow stair to the rear of the house, Doña Remedios, having made her toilet with exquisite care, changing her linen and smoothing out her frayed dress—she no longer had any but the one—sat down at her window. She was busy with her thoughts. She had travelled so long through cities and provinces, riding when she could, then on foot, sleeping in convents, in the huts of the peons, in taverns and now and again on the ground, that the thought of meeting her son, the hope of meeting him, had made the meeting seem a reality. "There must be dignity," she said; "there must be form and dignity." She had said these things over a thousand times, picturing herself and her son.

The malady from which Doña Remedios suffered consisted in a great difficulty at times in drawing the air into the lungs. The lungs would refuse either to contract or to expand. More than once she had almost died of it. As she sat there by the window, she remembered that she had eaten nothing all day but a piece of bread. She felt light in her body, unreal. But she knew she would not die. She believed that her son was coming.

And when he came? She closed her eyes and could see her father when she was a child and he still a young man.

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And when her son came? Until he came——?

The porter of the house knocked at the door. Thank God! But she would not cry out. She held tight to the arms of the chair. "Come in," she said in a low voice. The door opened and admitted her visitor.

"I am Juan de Dios Ramirez Estrada, señora," he said, making a grave bow, but she could see that the hand that held his hat was trembling slightly. "You asked for me, they say."

"My son, do I annoy you? For so long, I've been——"

No, that was not what she meant. His eyes were the same. Sombre and arrogant. She would have known them. But not the rest. She looked at the white brow and temples, under the dark hair, the burn from the sun, the gray eyes, all Castilian, the Castilian red and white. He was tall like his father, a nail's breadth under six feet. But he was not like his father. Was he like his father's father, or his other grandfather, Don Enrique? Were they all one, these four men?

"My father told me that my mother died when I was born."

"Juan de Dios," she said, "I am Remedios Aragonés y Estrada, Condesa de Villanueva by my marriage to your father, Andrés, El Zurdo his family called him, because he was left-handed, as his mother was before him, and as you were when you were a little boy, before he took you away."

"They called me that too. Zurdito," he said, stepping farther into the room.

She saw that he did not, like Rafael de Madrazo, take her for out of her wits. He had seen that she spoke the truth. He had his own brain, though he might not say what he thought.

"There was some delay," Juan de Dios went on; "I had just come in from the ranch."

She was looking at him closely, at his linen, his coat, his boots, his hair, and saw that he had made himself immaculate.

"You have so much land, Juan de Dios?"

"My father had a claim here and I have a new grant lately from the government," he said, as if to go on politely talking, "known as Cuatro Ciénegas. We are making some changes now." But she heard that vaguely, except to note the beautiful Spanish that he spoke. There were things nearer to him. How unlike Rafael de Madrazo he was. Rafael was voluptuous, delicate, much of the woman in him; he needed women only for their luxurious flesh or soft, babbling company; they were happy and easy with him, they could talk with him as to another woman. But Juan de Dios was the full complement of woman. He needed women as the seed needs the earth, as the wave needs the water, as fire needs the substance, without knowing it almost. Doña Remedios had a proud sense of his strangeness, of the impossibility of any intimacy with him for any woman, no matter how closely they were bound together by their need for each other. But she knew how much a woman might love him. It was not happiness she would have from that love so much as the rapture and pain at the core of life. To the woman he was the mystery arising in her as the blood rose in her veins. He was solitary like the life in nature. And, like nature, he was touched with death. To be loved; to be cared for.

Doña Remedios returned to her son's words, noting how remote he seemed, how proud, how vulnerable through that very pride. What enemies he must have! Let him be so; she was loyal to what he was.

"I have been here in this presidio of

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San Antonio de Bejar," he was saying, "almost ever since my father's death—that's seventeen years ago, señora. My father and I were in Cuernavaca, in León, Taxco, Puebla, who knows where; he would always change. He is buried in Puebla."

He had not even told her that he believed she was his mother, and yet was telling her about himself and about his father, speaking as if out of some noblesse oblige. "I was once in Puebla," she said.

"What a long road you endured, señora," he said—it seemed to her quickly, as if enough had been said on the other subject—"all this way."

There was a silence; he had in fact said very little. "We started from Taxco," she said. "Rafael de Madrazo graciously offered to lodge me in his house."

She saw him looking scornfully about at the apartment offered to his mother, but he made no reply.

"But you have said nothing of your family, Juan de Dios; are you married?"

"I am married," he replied coldly, averting his eyes.

"You have children."

"I've been married less than a year; my wife is scarcely twenty. For eleven days now we have not seen each other. She does not approve of what I have done lately."

"You don't want to speak of it?"

"It will do no good, señora."

Half an hour after her son had gone, having kissed her hand but without speaking of seeing her again or anything of the sort, the servant came to say that the carriage of Juan de Dios was waiting in the patio, and that the apartment of the Condesa de Villanueva was ready. It was not far, only at the end of the Calle de las Islas, which led off from the square by San Fernando. At Juan de Dios's house, she was informed that he had been obliged to return to Cuatro Ciénegas. His wife was not present to welcome her husband's mother, and Doña Remedios was shown to her room by the servants.

During the night Doña Remedios had an attack of her malady and almost died. For months these attacks had been worse when they came; sometimes her lungs seemed to close entirely against the air and refused to let her draw her breath. Her son had left his apologies with old Juanita, who was assigned to serve his mother; and Doña Remedios, alone, long after she had sent the servant to bed, lay back on her pillows with her eyes open, fighting for breath and staring at the enormous room with its whitewashed walls, floor of square bricks, and great deep-set window, flanked with shutters of carved oak. After a little now the attack passed, and she lay in the darkness with her hand over her mouth in consternation at the thought of how nearly she had come to frustration at the very moment she had so waited for, and knowing she could not have much longer to live.

She did not mind the thought. It was not necessary that her son and herself become intimate, inquiring into little events gone by, learning each other's confidences. He was not the sort for that, and she too had forgotten such ways, so long had she been alone, seeing the land, the water, the forests, and the sky, living in the force of her hope as they lived in the force of their diverse natures. He was in some difficulty and stress now, with life, with the affairs of his property, with the young wife whom she had not yet seen. In the midst of this world of his passions, his decisions, his character, he moved alone. All these passions, traits, and impulses had a certain high pure quality because he enter-

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tained them for themselves and sought to feed his nature with them; he was not a man of tricks and oblique policy.

She clasped her hands to her breast.

He was like a child, helpless, born thus into this world of his soul.

Once during those months before he was born, her body had stood between him and the physical world, tempering its laws for him, converting its substance to his use, nourishing the life of his little body, and when he was born, still standing between him and the world, so long as he needed it. Once she had given him her body, now she would give him her soul. She would feed the life of his soul. She would put her soul between his soul and the world.

This idea, long habitual with her as she wondered about the necessity that led her on this search, now became the whole of her mind. She was absorbed with her thoughts. The birth into the light of day did not mean that the child was one with his mother; on the contrary, they were two beings separated. In the same way now, she and her son need not become one in spirit. No, whatever we might desire, they were two spirits. Well, that fact changed nothing; it was a part of the strange, divine loneliness . . .

"I will find out what this trouble is," she said, coming out into words, "on his land. And I will talk with his wife." She turned these things over and over, feeling in the room about her the misty walls and shadows, and outside, the profound glory of the night; she lay with these thoughts for a long time, falling asleep at last only at daybreak, and waking almost immediately. From the window she saw the stars fading out of the sky, and when they were gone, heard, from the convents and churches and the missions here and there across the fields to the south, the bells; they were like stars coming out in the air.

She heard the bells ringing near by at San Antonio de Vejar y Valero, at San José farther off, and the sharp bells of San Juan de Capistrano, and die one by one away; and very soon after, the street cries of the dawn begin, shrill boys driving donkeys, a man with a load of charcoal and mesquite wood, and the sounds of the market plaza stirring. In the midst of it she heard, all of a sudden and nearer, a muttering of voices and saw, when she rose and went to the window, a group of peons standing close together by the gate. Then she saw Juan de Dios riding out through the corral with its wall of cedar posts and up to the men. She saw him speaking to the peons, who appeared to be sullen and rebellious, only one of them stepping out to answer him; then his hand went out and she saw him slash the neck of this peon with his riding-whip. You could hear the swish of the whip. Doña Remedios drew back from the window and closed her eyes.

All that day old Juanita was in and out of Doña Remedios's room, and toward evening, when the light was fading into a soft glow, she brought with her a platter of olives which she was cutting up into tiny dice. In the afternoon she often had to do the work of Maria Lucena, the cook. She set a stool stretched with bull's hide near the door and took her seat, looking now and then at the sick woman and saying not a word.

"Juanita," said Doña Remedios, suddenly without opening her eyes, "you must tell me what is the trouble."

"Señora, you must taste the wine I put there for you. Don Juan said you were to have a carafe of it. It goes to every part of Spain, señora, where they call it mission wine; what a flavor, every one says."

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"You are not answering me. You saw what happened at the corral this morning."

"I didn't see it, but Transito, my husband, señora, told me."

"You are not answering me."

"No, Doña Remedios."

"What is the trouble?"

The old servant set her platter on the floor beside her and got up and closed the door, then went to the foot of the bed.

"Don Juan has a grant from the viceroy at Monterey, señora. He wants to turn it into grazing-land for sheep; they say there may be mines too. He is moving the peons to some land of his on the Brazos."

"And they resist?"

"They have been on this land a long time. They are poor people, Doña Remedios."

"And what do you think?"

"Transito and I keep our mouths shut, señora."

"I don't know anything," Doña Remedios said; "I've not been out of this room."

"It would do no good, señora; this house is as dumb as a tomb, without a master, without a mistress. Doña Santa has not given an order for ten days. I don't believe she has left her room."

"What does she think?"

"All I know is that she sides with the peons, señora. But then you see—but perhaps I shouldn't say that——"

"Go on, pray."

"You see, Doña Remedios, the señora's father, asking your forgiveness, was a peon himself. It was only that she was more beautiful than any one."

"She is against Juan de Dios?" Doña Remedios said, disguising any surprise she may have felt; she saw old Juanita looking closely at her.

"I don't know what she said, señora; all I know is what Transito told me. One night at supper, soon after the trouble began, Don Juan rose from the table and went out without so much as howdy-do, saddled his horse, and rode away and didn't come back, not till next day."

You need not leave your room to feel the state of things in a house; and Doña Remedios knew how it was at Las Palomas. From the window she saw some servant now and then go quietly about the patio, the corral, the stable, or leaning against a wall in the sun. Sometimes there were peons coming from the hacienda. But the place was mute; and all day in the hot, white sun there was only a sense of a shadow moving across some bright patch now and then, and of some strange suspension in the air.

The day passed and the night, and her second morning at Las Palomas came without any word of her son's return. Doña Remedios told Juanita that she wished to be conducted to her daughter-in-law. The old servant, without a word, went and opened the door and stood waiting. Leaning on Juanita's arm, Doña Remedios crossed slowly the length of the house, along the shaded arcade, till she reached Santa's door. Then she waited and let the maid go in.

"Will you say that Don Juan's mother would like to visit her?"

"The señorita's door has been left always open lately." The servant did not seem to wish to say any more.

Doña Remedios waited.

"Doña Santa is asleep," Juanita said, coming back to the door in a moment.

Doña Remedios went softly into the room. She stood looking at the face on the pillow and pressed her hands to her breast. The slight, lovely body with its head on the pillow lay heavy with the sleep of exhaustion. She saw the dark hair, the face with its pale olive, delicate

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skin, the straight brow, the nostrils and chin, the delicate mouth touched with pain. It was a child's face. It was a face that might have been a great dancer's or some actress's in the theatre.

Doña Remedios, realizing all of a sudden the servant's shadow in the door, dismissed her with a vague gesture and stood there still by the bed, not making a sound. Once the dark eyes opened but they saw nothing and closed again, and the lips quivered, but sleep returned. With beauty like that, a woman could have men following her, men of all sorts, rich men trailing after to give her everything she sighed for. But she loved Juan de Dios. Doña Remedios, as she looked at this face, could see that; and she wondered at love and what love is.

A little later, as she stood supporting herself against the balustrade in the gallery outside, she told herself that she had been mistaken in dismissing the servant and that she could not get back to her room without help. The stone of the friendly balustrade was warm from the sun but the shaded side of the column near by was cool against her brow.

Juan de Dios's house stood last on that side of the town where the Street of the Islands ended in country. It was built like the country haciendas: a long line of rooms connected by a gallery or arcade that ran in front of them and closed with a kind of wing at either end. Doña Remedios from where she stood saw only the quiet shadowed gallery, the shining of the sun on the courtyard with its oleanders, jasmine, and yucca plants, the immaculate space of the whitewashed walls quivering under the light of the sky, which stretched overhead, blue and spotless, without a cloud, only the light freshness of the breeze from the south. There was the smell of cedarwood burning in the kitchen and the soft, heavy fragrance of the jasmine and oleanders in the sun. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

Off to the south and west she could see the country, the hills violet and gray, faint, strangely transparent, and at the same time clear and final in their long lines. "I shall not see them again," Doña Remedios said, feeling at the same moment a quiet peace passing into her body, a sense of how short life is and happy. The doves, from which the place had taken its name, were calling here and there in the fields. She could hear them at intervals, sometimes far off, sometimes near, like the voice of that sweet, sad land. She closed her eyes, standing there in her son's house, and listened.

Juan de Dios, coming in long after twelve that night, heard, as he went along the patio arcade, his mother calling him. Her door was open. She lay on the bed; a silver lamp that he had bought at San Juan Bautista was burning on the little table. She was speaking to him.

"Juan de Dios, you are late. Last night you never came back to your house at all."

"I was at Cuatro Ciénegas," he said.

He bowed to kiss her hand, making an apology for the dust spattered over his clothes. She saw the pallor of his face; he was worn out with fatigue.

"But why are you still dressed? Did Juanita neglect you?" he asked, in an angry voice.

"Juanita, no; I dismissed her," Doña Remedios said; "I wanted to wait and see you, Juan de Dios." She did not say that she had wanted him to find her as decently dressed as possible, not in her wretched linen, when he came.

"I'm here, señora."

"Tell me, what is the trouble you are in? Tell me, Juan."

"Nothing. Nothing," he said.

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"On the ranch?"

"Not on the ranch. On that new grant, the tract they call Cuatro Ciénegas. I will tell you. This land must be turned, and right off too, into pasture for cattle. If there's silver there I mean to have no peons on hand to steal it. I have ordered them out."

"They have been on the land a long time."

"Who can know that? It's two hundred years since Coronado came this way with his troop. Yes, two hundred years and more. And since then many others."

"You drive the peons out into the road?"

"I would have transferred them to the ranch, settled them there. But not now, no, by God! not after this rebellion. They can get out."

"They've had the land a long time," Doña Remedios said simply.

"I'll have their leaders flogged with ramrods to-morrow; we'll see. They can get out."

"Go starve?"

"They're no better than dogs; why not?"

"And who will you get to work for you?"

"I can get that, be sure. I can hire the Indians from the missions; that's what Don Carlos de Franquis did, the governor, only he forced the monks to let him have them. That was the lawsuit they took to the viceroy, and then to the Council of the Indies and the king."

"And your wife sides with them?"

"It's late. I must go, mother. I'll see you to-morrow."

"Doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"And that's what's eating your heart out. That's what's making you so hard, Juan de Dios. Because you——

"The peons threaten to appeal to the viceroy. I'll show them what."

"— because you love her so much."

"I'll show them all."

A spasm of pain went through her body. She thought of the birth-pangs she had known, and wanted now to cry out again. But she would not have him know that she was dying. She would not break him down with that, working on his sympathy. No. The force must come from him. The pain lessened and she laid her hands quietly down at her sides.

Juan de Dios was not looking at her; his frowning eyes were fixed on the floor; and Doña Remedios, without moving her gaze from his face, began presently to speak.

"My son, you are not good. Perhaps I should not blame you and I don't. I know so little of your life, but I know you have been alone and that you have set yourself against the rest of the world. And now you are holding out like this; you deny what you have, you poison your soul, Juan de Dios. You won't let yourself give in, you won't let yourself give in and go to that girl who loves you, and say— Go to her, Juan de Dios ——"

"You'll forgive me, señora; I have never had the habit of discussing myself with any one," he interrupted coldly.

"And so may God pity you," she said gently. "Will you do me a favor, Juan de Dios?"

"If I can."

"Bring that seat by me here and sit down." She was afraid that in her weakness she would not be able much longer to make him hear.

He drew up the seat Juanita had had to a place beside her bed and she began speaking to him again. He listened silently as she talked on. What she said was not very clear to her, but she herself knew who it was she seemed to be talk-

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ing to. It was the little ghost that she had seen coming toward her so many times down the garden-walk at Montesclaros, or out of the shadows of her great empty room there, or standing in the altar-smoke and candle-light of the mass in chapels that she had visited in her wandering—a little boy of five, always with his hands held out to her, calling her with those little lips that she had fed at her breasts, holding out those little arms that had been around her neck, and she talking baby-talk to him, saying the wise sweet things she had in her heart. She knew that she was mixing things up, but that he was listening. She knew that it was changed now. This was not a baby any more, this was a man whose soul her soul must feed.

For a long time Doña Remedios talked to her son, sometimes very slowly, for the pain came and went, and he sat listening without a word. Then she felt the pain growing worse and tightened her lips; she could feel the cold coming up her legs, past her knees, and something terrible creeping at her throat. She was afraid he would see it and found a pretext for moving him farther from her.

"Will you snuff the lamp, Juan de Dios?" she said. "You see how it gutters. It's so late the oil is all gone."

He rose and went to snuff the lamp, which went out under his hands.

"Look at that," he said roughly, annoyed at his clumsiness.

She was glad of the darkness around her bed, though the light from the sky outside the window shone in the room.

Juan de Dios came back and stood near by. From the shadows of the bed Doña Remedios, looking up at him, could see his face; he looked very tall.

"Juan de Dios," she said presently, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"Will you do it? You will go to her and then everything will settle itself?"

He said nothing.

"Will you do as I ask you?"

Again nothing.

"Juan de Dios?"

"Yes, I will do it," he said, after a silence and not moving.

"Thank God!"

He was not looking at her, not bending toward her, but stood there straight, with his hands clinched. This was his way; he was proud, this was his nature. She was loyal to him; "I am glad," she thought. "I would not have him different."

She saw him walk over to the window and stand looking out. She knew that what he was thinking was something he would never speak of, never to any one. She raised her head slightly off the pillow to look at him, and saw also, beyond him, the sky and the fields. She would be quiet, the land was quiet.

Then she closed her eyes for what she knew would be the last time. "He leadeth me beside still waters"; then she could hear Don Felipe Herrera and Don Andrés de Segura talking with her father long ago. It was Don Andrés's voice. She could not quite make out all he was saying, but it was something where Plato said that there is a law that the paths of darkness beneath the earth shall never again be trodden by those who have set their feet on the heavenward road of love, but that walking hand in hand . . .

Then she heard nothing at all.

Juan de Dios stood at the window looking out, not moving. In the mesquite trees, faint like clouds against the pale ground, he could hear the soft wind moving like the tide; he saw the garden-walls, the corral, the houses of the town, in the quiet light; beyond them he saw the road going off into the country, and the stars moving along the hills.

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The believer, not the infidel, talks God out of existence

The Disappearance of God

BY HENSHAW WARD

It is customary for theologians to talk in terms of "the attack on Christianity"; they speak of "warfare against the divine" and of the "enmity" of science. But if there is any army organized to fight against religion it is miraculously well camouflaged. I have never suspected that any man I know is a soldier in such ranks, nor have I read any recent book that I recognized as an assault on religion.

Probably the book which most resembles an attack is Harry Elmer Barnes's "The Twilight of Christianity," which is so violent that any church member would be excusable for considering it the work of an enemy. Yet the motive of even this book is not to destroy a religion, but to show that the religion *has already perished*. "The thesis of the book," says Harold J. Laski, "is that it is no longer *possible* to accept the Christian theology as a system of belief, or the Christian ethic as a guide to life. . . . I believe that he has made out his case and that the broad lines of his argument are irrefutable."

Does Laski fail to recognize an onslaught when he sees one? It may be so. But, if so, he has revealed the first and most important fact that a modern defender of God should understand: no foe is visible to those readers whom he most wishes to persuade.

What those readers see along the whole religious front is the wreckage of countless different opinions about God. And the destruction seems not to have been caused by people who are foes of God, but by reasoners who wanted to set up right notions of Him. A man who wishes for faith in God finds that one hallowed conception after another has disappeared, has been erased by a believer in God. Nowadays these revisers are so active that nothing which they set up can withstand the arguments of the next rank of interpreters. The result is that a bewildered layman wonders why the newer and more refined representations have any more chance of surviving than those previously blotted out. If every likeness of Divinity may be called mythical by professors in the schools of divinity, what likelihood is there that any idea of Divinity is permanently valid? When God has been philosophically exploded many times, He disappears. No enemy has prevailed against Him. The believers in Him have made Him a mere dubious speculation.

If my account of the way God vanishes is mystifying to theologians, if it seems shallow or perverse, then there is

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all the stronger reason why they should attend closely to the explanation of my state of mind. They will beat the air and scold at vacancy so long as they direct their wrath against enemies of God. It is the friends of God who have made God incredible. My testimony in this matter is representative of those thousands of educated men who would prize nothing so much as an acquaintance with God, but who have been taught by rival theologies that God is a process of imagination. The man who hopes to contend against unbelief in the twentieth century must first understand us—or he will understand nothing.

II

Before I make my exhibits, I will set up a background against which they will show their meaning—the disappearance of hell. Hell was a solid and living faith only a generation ago. In 1892, I remember, it was as much of a reality in my mind as God was. In that year my roommate at school brought from home after the Christmas holidays a book by Bob Ingersoll which argued that there wasn't any hell, that people didn't really believe there was, and that they couldn't sleep at night if they believed. My friend's father, a Congregational minister, had allowed his boy to read Ingersoll on this condition: "Remember that all these arguments have been completely answered." I debated whether I ought to look into such a piece of atheistical literature. Feeling safeguarded by the fact that all the arguments had been answered, I yielded to curiosity. The existence of hell was not less real to me when I had finished reading, but one potent query had been planted in my brain: *Do* people believe in hell?

No dialectic ever availed against hell; no warfare against the belief could ever have succeeded. But when the vividness of belief had been dulled (perhaps by some growth of soft-heartedness in society), the faith in a place of eternal torment began to seep slowly out of men's consciousness. I think that in 1892 it was becoming respectable for ministers to say, "Oh, well, of course I don't believe in a literal burning lake of brimstone." And by 1910 hell was everywhere fading out of the pulpits. And in 1929 Dean Inge formally pronounced that it was non-existent.

Why did this great mountain of belief melt away? No new revelation was made; no one returned from death to give new testimony; no light was shed on the subject by science; not one new fact or mode of logic was brought to bear. Yet hell disappeared from millions of educated minds just as it did from mine, gradually, insensibly. It is conceivable that these minds of ours, which have thus let hell vanish without a reason, may allow God to go in the same way.

Of course the cases are not similar: we dreaded hell, but we long for God. I am not arguing from one case to the other. I am only setting up a background of how the human mind works: it may suddenly abandon, for some indirect or unseen reason, a part of its psychic outfit that has endured for centuries.

III

A good display of the modern destruction of God by religious leaders may be seen in a little book called "My Idea of God." The very title shows how unsubstantial God is nowadays. He is the opinion that any devout person holds.

The book opens with three professions of orthodox faith by a Jew, a Protestant Fundamentalist, and a Catholic;

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beyond them come the Gods of fifteen well-known thinkers who are prominent in pulpits or professorial chairs. The ideas of Him range from "life struggling to realize itself in perfect love" through "God has always been failing, defeated" to "a product of the imagination, a metaphor." And this is a book that was prepared with a holy zeal to remove my uncertainty, a collection of testimonies gathered by a man who was once a Baptist minister in Texas and is now an editor of *The Christian Century*. After I have read it I can think of nothing but the massacre of God that is being made by the best religious thought of the day.

This book brings home to us the quaintness of Harry Emerson Fosdick's advice to rely on "specialists in religion" for guidance. Here is a most eminent band of specialists whose majority vote is that the God to whom I once said "Now I lay me" has disappeared.

The full hopelessness of trusting the specialists will not be understood until you have read some of the works of the "social" theologians. They like to quote a Wisconsin professor of philosophy, Max Carl Otto: "We must have a new God, for both theoretical and practical purposes—a God of the people, by the people, and for the people."

A typical specialist of this school is Gerald Birney Smith, who was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1902 and has been since 1913 a professor, not simply of theology, but of "Christian theology," at the University of Chicago. In his "Current Christian Thinking" he speaks guardedly, because he believes in transferring the old terms painlessly to the new Christianity; but so far as I can make out he does not believe in any power that would have been called God in 1900. A few extracts will enable you to guess how substantial his God is: "The belief of scientists in God, so far as it persists at all, is a rather vague emotional inheritance. . . . The appeal to God occupies a decreasing place in modern religion. . . . It is no wonder that men are beginning to ask whether the doctrine of God is not too difficult and too vague to furnish the best basis for religion."

During the past year I have read twenty books by experts in God, every one of whom talks in terms of spiritual values or reverence or vision or Christlikeness. The most quoted and influential of these authors is Edward Scribner Ames. He is not a philosopher detached from practical religion. For thirty years he has been the pastor of the University Church of the Disciples of Christ in Chicago; his friends speak with admiration of his power to stir a congregation, to make moving prayers, to be a good shepherd of his flock. Many emotional passages from his "Religion" seem to refer to our old-time God of the old-time religion; he dwells ardently upon the "reality" of God. God is "as real as Alma Mater and Uncle Sam, as real as our fellow beings." But he says plainly: "God is not supernatural, but wholly natural. . . . God is the spirit of the people." Ames is merely letting us down gently to a realization that God is nothing but a symbol for the best social impulses.

There is nothing exceptional about Ames and Smith. In many and many a pulpit all over the country there are men like them who spend their lives transferring the sacred terms to the new religion of The Social Mind. John Herman Randall was ordained to the Baptist ministry thirty-five years ago; his son is a professor of philosophy at Columbia, the kind of philosopher who "cherishes religion as one of the noblest manifestations of human nature" and who talks fervently about "the inspira-

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tion that leads to the heights of moral and spiritual character." I don't know where you could find in America a pair of men who would be more likely to qualify as religious specialists. They have written "Religion and the Modern World." It tells us plainly that God is only a symbol, that "the idea of God has simply dropped out of any serious grappling with the problems of understanding the world."

IV

I might somehow surmount these denials of God by the specialists if I could learn how they gain their knowledge. If there were some known way of getting evidence about God, some way that all investigators agreed upon, I could try to decide where errors of reasoning are made. But one profound worshipper of God approaches him by way of science, another by way of philosophy, another by personal experience, another by the authority of a revelation made to other men, another by "the instinct of the race," another by the path of the will to believe. These various modes of reaching the divine are, in the main, contradictory of each other. I cannot prove, though I am eager to prove, that one way of adjusting my mind is more valid than the others.

For example, think how my mind is put in turmoil by the scientific approach of Doctor Daniel S. Robinson, a devout believer, a professor at Miami University. He says in "The God of the Liberal Christian" that "theology now occupies a position among the sciences almost exactly like that of alchemy or astrology," and that theology must construct a method "which is *entirely* consistent with the general methodological principles of science." He thus informs us that the paths of instinct and philosophy and revelation are ways of superstition. "Liberal theology," he affirms, "must *entirely* separate itself from all thought which antedates the rise of social psychology." He tells us that "belief in God is a biological necessity"—which would be an excellent hint to guide me if any other religious specialist pointed the same way.

We turn to philosophy. Probably as safe a mentor as we can find is William Ernest Hocking, who deeply believes in a personal God, is a Congregationalist, and professes philosophy at Harvard. He is so highly respected by both the philosophers and the professors of divinity that they acquire merit in their books by introducing a reference with "as Hocking has well said." He is useful to ordinary minds like mine because he emphatically declares in his preface: "The truth about religion cannot be in itself obscure or intricate. . . . Men want to know whether there is, in very fact, a god; and the plain-speaking man will not be put off with other than categorical answers." Hocking tells us unequivocally that "there is but one way to God, and one proof of his existence." The proof is this: "I have an idea of God: therefore God exists. . . . It is always with some incredulity that we meet the assertion that any idea of ours carries with it its own guarantee of reality. Yet this same ontological argument is the only one which is wholly faithful to the history of religion. It is the only proof of God."

Such a declaration erases every assurance of God that most plain-speaking men have held to. Set it alongside the following definition of God which emanates from Yale, phrased by the Reverend Douglas C. Macintosh: "We mean by the term God not only that upon which we absolutely depend anyway, but that upon which we absolutely depend for the ultimate conservation of

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whatever ought to be conserved ultimately—that is to say, for the final conservation of whatever is so absolutely valuable that its conservation is imperatively and unconditionally demanded by every one who appreciates what true values are."

Think of worshipping that.

I turn to science. The ordinary scientist is simply mystified by the philosophical ways of finding God. For example, the veteran physiologist J. S. Haldane affirms: "It is *solely* in our perception of spiritual values that the existence of God is revealed to us."

An Eddington laughs at a scientific approach to God. He knows God by direct personal experience, just as direct as his experience of his earthly friends: "There are some to whom the sense of a divine presence irradiating the soul is one of the most obvious things in experience." At first sight this seems an indubitable guarantee of the reality of God: a most brilliant and canny mathematician affirms that he has the experience. But what does "experience" mean? In science it means a set of sensations which can be duplicated by all qualified observers; but this "experience" of God cannot be had by many scientists who would be glad to have it. Truly the quip which Gilbert Murray makes at Eddington's testimony is justified: "I am not denying the dogmas: it may be true that Lazarus rose from the dead or that a certain experience of Professor Eddington is really a contact with God."

Thus the expounders of God make it impossible for a seeker to find any road. They cause God to disappear.

V

The judgment of Father Fulton J. Sheen is that the Protestant modernists are preparing to throw God overboard. His reasons are set forth in "Religion Without God." If you care to see in brief compass an exhibit of the array of phantoms that liberal theology has made as substitutes for God, read Father Sheen's first chapter. Possibly this one sample will be sufficient—the definition given by Professor Alexander of the Victorian University of Manchester: "God as actually possessing deity does not exist, but is an ideal, tending toward deity which does exist."

Many of our leading essayists now assume that the personal God has already disappeared from the serious thinking of the twentieth century. Lippmann's "Preface to Morals" is based on that supposed fact; Krutch sorrowfully takes it for granted in "The Modern Temper"; Bradford bewails it; Santayana has been delightfully cheerful about it; to Dewey it is such an axiom that he hardly deigns to mention it. Can such a jury, of such diversified abilities, be utterly mistaken? Perhaps our religious reasoners are merely proving the wisdom of the Oriental maxim: "If you believe in the gods, they exist; if you do not believe in them, they do not exist."

We do not know what a man means in 1930 if he says he believes in God. If he is a university president or a noted physicist or an amiable sociologist, it is likely that he means this: "I believe in the kind of God that is described by Professors Ames and Smith, the symbolic God." Such men are very tender with the sacred emotions that cling to the old religion. For every enemy of God in these days there are a thousand tender-hearted men who hope to conserve the values of religion by using the word "God" to mean what it does not mean to me. The God that used to hear my prayers is disappearing, is being nebulized out of existence by the Holmeses and Ameses and Millikans.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

After living in this puzzling world threescore and five years I have suddenly discovered that I am a *humanist.* In fact, I woke up one fine spring morning in this year of grace 1930 and found myself a humanist. It is true that last year I saw a picture of myself in a magazine, and under it an inscription The Great Humanist: but I thought perhaps that was a typographical error for humorist. All true humanists are humorists, although not all humorists are humanists; Mark Twain certainly was not a humanist. No humanist can by any possibility be a pessimist, and Mark Twain was a one hundred per cent pessimist.

In a certain sense I have always been a humanist, for although I have been a professional teacher forty years, I have never taught anything useful. My teaching has been exclusively confined to the "humanities," and I have taught them and been interested in them only so far as they are related to human life, whence my humanism.

But now the words humanist and humanism are taking on a new connotation; how new it is may be seen by the fact that the "New English Dictionary" has no record of it. The N. E. D. is the most elaborate dictionary of the English language ever compiled; I am one of the very few individuals in the world who own a complete set; and I have been a-buying it for many years. It gives as its first definition of humanism, a belief in the mere humanity of Christ. In this sense, of course, I am not a humanist. But the word in this sense is obsolete, although the mental attitude it used to describe is not.

Again, humanism means the quality of being human, devotion to human interests. In this sense I have always been a humanist. Again, it refers to any system of thought concerned with human interests as opposed to divine—that is to say, humanism is a substitute for religion, or, if you like, it is the religion of humanity. In this sense, I am not a humanist. Again, it describes the study of subjects that promote human culture, the "humanities." In this sense, I have always been a humanist. Finally, it refers to those persons at the time of the Renaissance, who promoted ancient Greek and Latin literature as opposed to scholasticism and Christian theology.

But the word humanism as employed in the United States of America in the year 1930 is not exclusively or primarily concerned with any of the definitions given in the monumental dictionary alluded to; so let us look into three other dictionaries.

Webster's "International" (1922) gives us an enlargement of one of the definitions in the N. E. D., and this enlargement has right now enormous significance. "A system, mode, or attitude of thought or action centering upon distinctively human interests or ideals, esp. as contrasted with naturalistic or religious interests." Josiah Royce had something like this in mind when he used

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the phrase, "the new humanism." But the new American humanism, as I understand it, is contrasted more with naturalistic interests than with religious. Paul Elmer More, who might reasonably be called the champion of the new humanists, believes that humanism cannot succeed without a religious foundation.

The "New Standard Dictionary" (1927) gives a definition not found in the others, but necessary for my purposes to quote here: "Recently, and less properly, the revival of the doctrine that, since 'man is the measure of all things' there is no existence or truth not relative to human faculties or needs. Agnosticism with regard to the absolute and infinite follows as a necessary logical consequence." In this sense I am not a humanist.

But the "New Standard Dictionary" also gives the following admirable definition, which comes close to what is at this moment understood by the word humanism. It is the second sentence in the definition that contains the meat. "A system of thinking in which man, his interests and development, are made central and dominant. Its tendency is to exalt the cultural and practical rather than the scientific and speculative, and to encourage a spirit of revolt against existing opinions."

The *spirit of revolt,* which, in the old humanism of Petrarch and Erasmus, was shown in their breaking away from and their opposition to scholasticism and theology, is an essential element in the new humanism of 1930; and is one of the chief reasons for the present excitement.

Now let us open that blessed little volume which one never opens without enlightenment; I mean of course, "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler. The year of its publication was 1926, when the new assault of the powers of humanism on the powers of darkness had not been organized; but its discussion of the word humanist will clear the way.

> The newspaper reader sometimes gets the impression that *humanist* means a great classical scholar; Why? he wonders, & passes on. Another time he gathers that a humanist is a sceptic or an agnostic or a free-thinker or something of that sort, you know; again he wonders why, & passes on. Another time he feels sure that a humanist is a Positivist or Comtist, & here at last since he knows that Comte founded the Religion of Humanity, there seems to be some reason in the name. And lastly he occasionally realizes that his writer is using the word in the sense in which he might have invented it for himself—one for whom the proper study of mankind is man, the student, & especially the kindly or humane student, of human nature.
>
> The original humanists were those who in the Dark Ages, when all learning was theology, & all the learned were priests or monks, rediscovered pre-Christian literature, turned their attention to the merely human achievements of Greek & Roman poets & philosophers & historians & orators, & so were named *humanists* as opposed to the divines; hence the meaning classical scholar. But this new-old learning had, or was credited with, a tendency to loosen the hold of the Church upon men's beliefs; hence the meaning free-thinker. The third meaning—Comtist—was a new departure, unconnected in origin with the first two, though accidentally near one of them in effect, but intelligible enough on the face of it. As to the fourth, it requires no comment.

I make no apology whatever for these pillages of the dictionaries; because it is as certain as taxes that there is going to be a fearful intellectual row during the next few years between the new humanists and their innumerable, varied, and vocal antagonists. This will be a very dusty fight, and I want to be in it; though I assure my readers that I shall not burden these pages with its echoes.

The words humanism and humanist, in the very near future, will be constant-

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ly seen in books and in high-grade magazines and reviews, and are going to be heard at dinner-parties where are gathered together university dons and their woman-kind, and also wherever the intelligentsia do congregate. Although a knowledge of the subject is by no means considered a necessary prerequisite for the animated discussion of it, a slight acquaintance with the meaning of the terms used cannot do any permanent harm.

Already SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, *The Forum,* and *The Bookman* have devoted considerable space to humanism. *The Bookman* for April had a weighty article by Paul Elmer More, who carries heavy guns; there is in another corner of the same magazine a lively skirmish between two foes. In SCRIBNER'S for April there was a witty and keen attack on the new humanists by C. Hartley Grattan. The editors are well within the truth when they intimate that this article will not have a quieting effect on the controversy. I am on the opposite side to Mr. Grattan, but I enjoy his vigor and his wit.

Those who wish to get the point of view of the new humanists, will do well to read a tall volume edited by Norman Foerster, called "Humanism and America," with the secondary title, "Essays on the Outlook of Modern Civilisation." This book contains fifteen articles, including the excellent preface by the editor, together with a list of reading. A book holding quite another position is called "The New Humanism," by Leon Samson, which is further evidence of the impossibility of arriving at a definition of the word satisfactory to all parties.

The chief reason for the excitement over the new humanistic movement is that it is a fight for the most precious possession of mankind—the Human Soul. The new humanists differ among themselves chiefly on the question of religion. Some, like Paul Elmer More, believe that religious faith is essential; others do not. But they are all agreed on the dignity and value of personality; and they are attacking two modern schools of thought; the mechanistic theory, according to which we are "cunning casts in clay" and the naturalistic theory, which identifies us with the other animals. Or, in other words, the new humanists are engaged in a battle with Giant Despair.

The new humanists believe in Mind, Personality, Conscience, Free Will, Sin, Virtue; they believe the natural instincts of man are by no means wholly good, and that, for the formation of character, there must be Restraint and Inhibitions. They believe that the only Holy War is the war that has no ending and no armistice—the war that goes on every day in every human soul. As Browning puts it,

> No, when the fight begins within himself,
> A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
> Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
> He's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes
> And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!

This is not a fight between Humanism and Science. The humanists are intellectually mature, and instead of having any fear of scientific discoveries, they rejoice in every advance of truth. But they are opposed to the childish, unthinking credulity of the undisciplined mind, which, because Applied Science has given us the wonders of the radio, imagines that anything that has a flavor of "science" must be eternally true. Nor do they believe that scientific truth is all the truth.

The ancient worlds of Greece and

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Rome went bankrupt because they had left only two philosophies open to thinking men—the attitude of tight-lipped endurance, and the attitude of seizing enjoyment whenever possible. Both attitudes were based on despair. To-day Mechanism and Naturalism have little more to offer. In a world so full of illusion and change, the new humanism should, I think, insist on two supreme realities—God and the Human Soul.

In this age of biography, it is interesting to record that six large books dealing with the greatest love story in the world have appeared within the last two years. These are "The Brownings," by Osbert Burdette; "The Brownings," by David Loth; Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to her sister, edited by Leonard Huxley; "Andromeda in Wimpole Street," by D. Creston; "Life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by Louise Boas; and an excellent novel, "Miss Barrett's Elopement," by C. Lenanton.

The best-selling biography at this moment is "Byron," by André Maurois, although his best book is still "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble." He is essentially a novelist, and a very good one. His life of Byron is naturally highly interesting, as any life of Byron or Lincoln or Napoleon is bound to be. He has devoted prolonged study to the sources of his material, and tells us more about Byron than any one could have told ten years ago. He himself has no doubt that Byron committed incest with Augusta, which makes his use of the word "admiration" for Byron's character indigestible. I still think there is some room for doubt, as the relations between Byron's wife and Augusta, after the separation, seem otherwise incredible. The book, with all its excellences, might almost have been called "Byron and His Harem," as his various mistresses receive so much attention. They all no doubt wished they had received more from Byron.

One should certainly read in connection with this brilliant book Ethel Colburn Mayne's "Byron" (1924), her "Life of Lady Byron" (1929), and that excellent collection of Byron's letters in one volume, edited by V. H. Collins in 1927, and called "Lord Byron in his Letters."

I have sometimes wondered whether Byron's eccentric love of animals had anything to do with promiscuousness in his relations with women. He loved to have all kinds of animals about him, loved to stroke and pet them. And to his mind, women were no more than pet animals, and usually considerably less. Is there anything in that idea? I think there is.

I wish to say to readers of biographies of Byron, Shelley, the Brownings, and other poets, that the only reason for the existence of these biographies is the fact that these persons wrote great poetry. In an age like ours, when biography is rampant, there are many readers who are more interested in Byron's club foot and in his mistresses, than they are in his poetry. Now I grant that anything concerning a literary genius is interesting and valuable, but only if you are first familiar with his writings. There is real danger nowadays that the irregularities or peculiarities of a great poet's behavior will interest more people than his poetry; just as when young people try to imitate men of genius, they imitate everything except the genius. There are two very different kinds of intellect—the intellect that appreciates great poetry, and the intellect that delights in village gossip. If one is more interested in Byron's mistresses than in his verse, then one has the misfortune to own the village-gossip mind.

Two brief and admirable books by

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distinguished scientists have just appeared—"Romance of the Machine," by Michael Pupin, and "Science and the New Civilization," by Robert A. Millikan. These two books, both by great leaders in science, are inspiring and idealistic. To many persons to-day science seems the half-way house to despair. I counsel them to listen to what these two men have to say. Doctor Pupin rejoices, as every sensible man ought to, in the age of machines; man made them, man will use them for his higher development. If he does not, it is not the fault of the machines. Life is certainly more dangerous than it used to be, with the result that it is producing better men.

Professor Millikan, in his last chapter, says there are three ideas which "stand out above all others in the influence they have exerted and are destined to exert upon the development of the human race." These are first, the idea of the Golden Rule, which is the gift of religion; second, the idea of natural law, and third, the idea of age-long growth, or evolution, both of which are the gift of science.

It is interesting to see a great scientist putting the Golden Rule first in importance. He believes that one advantage in living in a country where there is no State Church and no dominant form of worship, is that religious men can be independent. The importance he ascribes to religion may be seen on the last page of his book:

> Here there is no need, in the case of any individual, of a clash ever arising between science and religion. Personally I believe that essential religion is one of the world's supremest needs, and I believe that one of the greatest contributions that the United States ever made, or ever will make to world progress—greater by far than any contribution which we ever have made or ever can make to the science of government—will consist *in furnishing an example to the world of how the religious life of a nation can evolve intelligently, wholesomely, inspiringly, reverently, completely divorced from all unreason, all superstition, and all unwholesome emotionalism.*

Edna Ferber's new novel, "Cimarron," pronounced Cimarroon', is a contribution to history, biography, geography, irony, romance, and literature. Her "Show Boat" gave a vivid description of the floating theatres of the South. Here she takes us into the Earth Hunger of Oklahoma, shows us the wild life and wild characters of what when I was a boy was called Indian Territory. Some reviewers have accused her of writing directly for the motion-pictures; others have accused her of naïve melodrama; others have said that her hero was as inexcusable as a dime-novel type; others have said that her heroine was her conception of the purest expression of American womanhood. Now, really! Edna Ferber is too consummate an artist, too aware of her own latitude and longitude, too keen intellectually, to have given us either a rodeo or a Main Street ideal. Her Man and his Woman are delightfully diverting, and their adventures are thrilling; but the methods adopted by the Woman to clamp down on those children of the frontier the fetters of literary-club restraint ought to have revealed the irony of the author. I am afraid that in her next book she may discard the rapier and take up the bludgeon. I am glad I was not in the room while she was reading the reviews.

A volume of verse that will split the ears of the judicious is "The Stuffed Owl," an anthology of the worst poems writ by famous poets, and edited by Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee. This is extremely diverting, and I know of no better book for reading aloud, where the reader and his audience are intelli-

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gent. There is only one selection from Longfellow, and it is—no, it is *not* "The Psalm of Life," it is "Excelsior."

A collection of delectable murder-stories: "The Door," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "The Body in the Safe," by C. F. Gregg; "Murder on the Marsh," by J. Ferguson; "The Doomed Five," by Carolyn Wells; "The Mystery of the Open Window," by A. Gilbert.

ON THE ACHUNI

Captain H. B. Grow of Lima, Peru, writes an article on the Achuni which is of such extraordinary interest that I wish to share it with my readers.

It is absolutely necessary that I tell you some more about "Chuni." He is the constant delight of my existence and while for months he has been so destructive that it is impossible to have him in the house, nevertheless, he continues to amuse everybody.

As I once told you, we have two papagayos (macaws), one guacamayo, whom we call the Old Man and who I believe to be over 100 years old, and a parrot (green one), with whom one of the papagayos is in love, but with no luck. Every night at five o'clock sharp the guacamayo comes down from the top of the olive tree in front of my veranda, goes to the front door of my house and squawks to be let in and once in, squawks his way through the various doors that lead to the little room where he sleeps. In the morning, he squawks his way out again and goes back to the topmost branch of the olive tree where he sits all day, commenting upon the events that transpire and people who come and go. He has nothing to do whatever with the other three birds.

The other three birds, at times, do not wish to come down and my man has a long pole which he pokes up into the branches and the birds get on it and thus he brings them down. But sometimes they are having too good a time and will not come down. We then call upon "Chuni," turn him loose at the foot of the tree and merely tell him:—"Baja los loros" —(Get the birds down), and he, with great gusto climbs the tree in leaps and bounds, chases each separate bird to the very tip of the branch upon which it may be perched, from where it is finally forced to fall off. He does this with each separate bird, making quite a ceremony of it and enjoys himself immensely.

He has another habit which would be almost unbelievable if one did not see him: He goes to the bath room of my young boy's room, turns on the spigot, gets a cake of soap and wetting his hands, proceeds vigorously to scrub the entire length of his long tail and rear end with soap and water. He selects the finest and best perfumed soap he can find, not being content with ordinary soap, and once his tail is in lather, proceeds to parade around the house dragging his wet tail behind him. In this condition he jumps upon my writing desk, opens the cigarette box, takes each cigarette out one by one, breaks it in two pieces, pulls the tobacco out and scatters it about the desk, closes the box and retires to some other mischief.

The most destructive of these tricks, consists of pulling all of Mrs. Grow's evening gowns off their hooks, making a nest of them and going to sleep on them. Needless to say nobody taught him these tricks.

He is absolutely courageous, has no fear of man or beast, and if one tries to slap him, he immediately attacks with all his vigour. He has a deadly hatred of matches and if he is around when I light a cigarette, he will make one jump and with his two hands put the match out. After I throw a cigarette away and leave it smoking, he will immediately proceed to tear it to pieces and put the fire out. I cannot understand from where this native of the jungle could have learnt such antipathy for fire. It is instinctive and manifested itself the first time he saw a match lighted.

He can open any door or window, water faucet, in fact, anything that is shut he can open. He is without doubt the most human creature I have ever seen. Ordinarily when he has been good he loves to climb up into my lap, put his nose inside my coat and go to sleep. When he has done something bad, he will not come near me and I know at once that I must start looking for some evidence of his work, and I am always sure that he has left the water running, wet his tail, destroyed all my cigarettes or created some havoc in the house.

He also uses a comb without having been taught or shown how and he frequently steals one of the combs from the bath room and proceeds to comb himself, because, it must be confessed that he has fleas, and I believe he uses this comb to get them out.

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It may be remembered that in the March issue I printed a joke on the alleged inactivity of government employees, sent to me by one of my correspondents. This has drawn the following reply from Hugh A. Brown, Director of Reclamation Economics in the U. S. Department of the Interior.

I suppose it is to be expected that the uninformed will still try to add substance to that threadbare joke about the Federal Government employee and the time he has to spend on other than the work for which he is paid, but it comes as a distinct shock when a man of your wide knowledge gleefully endorses such a statement as you do in the March issue of SCRIBNER'S.

Fortunately this and similar wholly unwarranted beliefs are rapidly becoming as extinct as the dodo, but occasionally they do crop up. Recently a letter was received by the Bureau of Reclamation from a man who asked a favor and concluded his request with the hope that we would not "pass the buck" as was so customary in the Government Service. My distinguished chief, Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner of Reclamation, gave him the information requested and closed his letter with the following excellent snapper:

"I cannot close this letter without stating that I resent your implication that in general the main activity of Government employees is 'passing the buck.' So far as my experience goes, and it has been extensive throughout the Government Service, I have no hesitancy in saying that in general the forces employed by the Federal Government are as fully alive to their duties and responsibilities as employees in private industry. As a whole, the Federal Government Service is made up of a body of loyal, hard-working men and women, and 'passing the buck' is certainly not a common characteristic."

From Albert M. Turner, of the Connecticut State Park and Forest Commission.

A Professor of English Literature, astray in the swamp of mathematics, is entitled to some sympathy; a chuckle after all, is no more than a chuckle. But a Banker might surely be expected to know that the computation of compound interest for a term of 948 years is no matter of great difficulty, requiring either much time or labor. It merely involves adding two logarithms and looking up their sum in the same table,—if the Government Employee used more than three minutes in the whole operation he should have no sympathy,—he should be summarily fired.

It is, however, of some interest to learn in this indirect way that the Savings Banks in Methuselah's time were paying 6 per cent on deposits, which must have been the case to permit such a respectable accumulation.

Edison Marshall has surpassed himself in his story "The Missionary," a wildly exciting narrative of the adventures of a Presbyterian among the Eskimos. It is pleasant to see one more missionary both virile and sincere; the other is in Mrs. Morrow's "Splendor of God." I mean it is pleasant to see them so in books; I know plenty of the right sort in actual life.

"The Kings of England," by Clive Bigham, and "The Life History of King George V," by R. C. Dent, are both interesting and pleasantly written. The former volume has a biography, with a portrait, of every English sovereign from William the Conqueror to Edward VII. It is surprising how many of them were imperfectly acquainted with English, and how many of them met violent deaths. He thinks Edward I was the best man, though he has very high praise for William III.

The life of the present king, who celebrates the twentieth year of his reign this year, is written by one who has known the royal family for years. Two things are certain: George V is immensely popular, and he is firmer in his seat on the throne than he was before the war. When I was a boy, I used to hear my elders say that there would be no royal successor to Victoria. England was so democratic that she was certain to become a republic; whereas it was believed that Russia and Germany would

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